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THE NEW
# STATESMAN AND NATION
## The Week-end Review

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# UNDER TWO FLAGS

THE assassination of Aung San and his colleagues and the virtual declaration of war by the Dutch on the Indonesians are results of two opposite tendencies. The first is part of the birth pangs of a people slowly emerging into independence; the second of the struggles of a people still striving for it.

The brutal murders in Rangoon have to be viewed against the Burma background. Burma has always had the highest murder statistics of any country in the world. In the second place, they were an incident in the struggle between the old guard and the new. Aung San's Government contained no old-time politicians: they were all in opposition. It consisted in the main of men who had been students together and were not prepared to acquiesce in the shifts and devices of the old Burmese politicians. Aung San himself had used the fomentation of strikes among the police, the harbour board employees, the banks, the Civil Service and elsewhere as a political weapon. But his tactics had created personal enmities, and now the weapon of violence has been turned against him.

A new Council has been quickly formed by the Governor, who acted with commendable speed, firmness and wisdom in asking Thakin Nu to form a new Burmese administration. Thakin Nu lacks experience in administration and, until the last few months, has kept in the background, but he has been an important figure behind the scenes and has always been a key leader in the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League.

It is too early at this stage to forecast the future. It is still uncertain, for example, how far the "dissident" Communists are involved. There are two types, the official party led by Thakin Tun, which fought the elections for the Constituent Assembly in a few localities and obtained a handful of seats, and the "dissidents," under Thakin Soe, who have for some months been proscribed, but have been very active in the Akyab district and also in mid-Burma, stimulating unrest.

If Thakin Soe was indeed involved in the assassination and civil disorders spread, then we might find ourselves committed to onerous military intervention, since we are in duty bound to create the conditions in which the democratically elected Constituent Assembly can function in support of the newly formed Ministry. On this issue we are now in consultation with Pandit Nehru, who has expressed his strong condemnation of the outrage, and has no wish to see the Burmese experiment fail.

It is to be hoped that the Burmese Ministers will realise the need, in the confused and dangerous situation, of calling upon their sister nations for support. But this is by no means certain. The opposition parties are playing up any sign of association with the Commonwealth as unpatriotic. Indeed, this was the reason why Aung San recently declared once more that Burma intended to be independent, even though this involved keeping a million men under arms. If this chauvinistic tendency prevails in the new Ministry, the danger of chaos is great.

There is, however, no need yet to despair of seeing Burma continue steadily on her path to independence. The tragic assassinations may tend to a rapprochement between the forces of the Left, excluding Thakin Soe. Indeed, it is not impossible that one reason for the murder of Aung San and his colleagues was because they were believed by the ultra-Right to be considering the reincorporation of the "official" Communists, led by Thakin Tun, into the A.F.P.F.L., and it is very significant that the new Council—whose authority it is obviously our first concern to maintain—immediately arrested U Saw and other Right-wing intransigents after they had offered armed resistance. Popular support for the new Ministry was shown by the great funeral demonstration supported by the trade unions and the Communists who follow Thakin Tun.

In Indonesia the situation is different but equally dangerous. The Dutch are stiff-necked colonists who have always had a much tighter grip on administration than we have had in our colonial territories. Their desire to make the Far Eastern colony look like a replica of the Netherlands has irritated the Indonesians beyond words. But, undoubtedly, the loss of Indonesia would be a blow from which Holland could not easily recover; and she certainly would have the greatest difficulty in supporting her population at any reasonable standard of existence without it. This makes it all the more surprising that the people of Holland did not appreciate to the full the necessity for wholehearted co-operation on the part of the Indonesians and for the formation of a system which would have given the Indonesians independence within the framework of a loose federation of states under the Netherlands Crown. This the Indonesians were quite prepared for, but it was not to be. The Dutch decided to enforce their will.

Long before the present crisis, all importations to Indonesia were made subject to inspection by the Dutch Navy, even outside territorial waters, despite protests from British, Australian and American merchants. It became obvious that the Dutch wished to cut off Indonesia from the outside world and so force a settlement. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Indonesians rejected the amended Dutch agreement, although they announced that they were still prepared to sign the original. The Dutch reaction was a virtual declaration of war.

Very properly, the British Government has again offered its services as a mediator; but it is most unlikely that the offer will be accepted. The Dutch clearly intend to handle matters in their own way, and only failure can teach them that they are wrong.

Disorders in Indonesia and Burma will seriously aggravate the world food shortage. As Mr. Strachey recently pointed out, the resumption of Indonesian exports is of the greatest importance to European food standards. Burmese rice is of equal importance to India. Before the war, Burma used to export over three million tons of rice a year: now the figure has been reduced to three-quarters of a million tons. Unless the situation in Burma improves, Australia will continue to send her wheat to India instead of to the United Kingdom, and the Indians will be unable to send their groundnuts to Europe.

## The President and Congress

In his second six-monthly Economic Report to Congress this week, President Truman emphasised the growth of America's vast excess of commercial exports over imports, and indicated that, unless the purchasing power of Western Europe were pump-primed by U.S. dollars, there might be a slump in American exports by the end of this year. How far this argument will carry weight with Congress in favour of the Marshall Plan we have yet to see. Moreover, from our point of view, the uncomfortable fact has to be faced that an economic recession in the United States would not make the dollar a less scarce currency, while continuance of the current American boom, based on dollar-financed reconstruction in Western Europe, is likely to mean still dearer supplies of food from the United States and severe competition against British manufacturers in the European market. Meanwhile, the Presidential veto of yet another Republican Bill reducing taxes, and the failure of the Senate to override the veto, have added to the bitterness of the struggle in Washington between Executive and the G.O.P. This, in itself, makes the chances of agreed bi-partisan action in foreign affairs more remote. It is now clear that Mr. Truman's decision not to hold a special session of Congress this autumn to endorse the Marshall Plan was taken for internal political reasons and against the wishes of the State Department. A careful canvass of Congressional opinion showed that, even with Senator Vandenberg's help, a huge Appropriation Bill for European relief would encounter heavy weather in the Senate and would not pass the House. The chances of passage are likely to decrease as the elections come nearer, but the Administration evidently hopes to reverse the current trend of opinion by a high-pressure, nation-wide propaganda campaign, in which the opening gun was Secretary Marshall's speech to the State Governors at Salt Lake City. His thesis that only American help can save her "traditional friends" in Western Europe from collapsing into Bolshevism will obviously be the basic theme of the campaign. Russia is to be assigned the devil's role; but to clinch matters with Congress it will be necessary to prove not merely that the villain is rapacious but that the victim is helpless. The countries of Western Europe, including Britain, may therefore expect to be asked to sink twice before the lifebelt from Washington is thrown.

## Policy for Germany

Disagreements over the unsolved problems of Western Germany and, in particular, of the Ruhr threaten to bedevil the work of the Economic Committee set up by the Paris Conference long before it gets round to adding up the demands of the various Western European countries and presenting the State Department with a total figure of dollar needs. This, of course, apart from the plan for economic self-help which Congress is likely to require before it decides that the financing of Western Europe is a good business proposition. In his speech last Saturday to the National Union of Miners, Mr. Ernest Bevin, who indulged in a sharply worded reference to American "moneylenders," displayed awareness of the deep fears which France feels, and which M. Ramadier has forcibly expressed, at the possibility of the Ruhr being resuscitated with American capital. Recent remarks by General Clay, coupled with indications that the Administration in Washington will press for an immediate sharp upgrading of the level of Ruhr industry, have made the worst possible impression, not only on France but on Czechoslovakia and on the members of the Benelux union. A further complication, from Mr. Bevin's standpoint, is that unless the British Government's solemn pledge to bring about the nationalisation of Ruhr industry is discarded, American dollars to finance the rehabilitation of Western Germany may not be forthcoming. In these circumstances the course which Britain should pursue seems to us to be clear. As we cannot afford indefinitely to pay for the cost of maintaining a derelict economy in our Zone, we should tell Washington that, when the Loan runs out, we must cease paying dollars for its imports and that it must rank as a "country" within the terms of the Marshall Plan. If that principle were accepted, the case for placing the Zone, and particularly the Ruhr, under international control, as the French desire, would be irresistible. The worst possible course for Britain to pursue would be to hang on to unilateral control of the Zone until the moment comes when, out of economic weakness, we had no option but to turn it over unconditionally to the United States.

## Illegal Immigration

In the House of Commons last Tuesday the Colonial Secretary, in answer to a dignified question from Sidney Silverman, announced the Government's decision to tranship the latest batch of illegal immigrants at Haifa and to send them, not to Cyprus, but to a French port. He added this step had been taken in consultation with the French Government. He was received with grunts of approval by the Conservatives and silent sympathy by most Government supporters. Next day, the *Daily Herald* actually found evidence of humanity in this action. But the rest of the world will take it merely as another piece of the legal chicanery and political ineptitude which has marked the whole of the Government's handling of the Palestine problem. On this subject British public opinion is completely in the dark. Thanks to the conspiracy of silence in the daily press, only those few who follow Homer Bigart's messages from Jerusalem in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* have any idea of what is now going on there. Once again the collaboration between the Jewish Agency and the Administration against terrorism, which had been achieved for a few weeks, has been shattered. Legally, of course, Britain has as much right to return the immigrants to the ports from which they set out as she has to abolish all civil liberties in Palestine under the Emergency Regulations and to transform the country into a police state. But what is achieved thereby? The Haganah, which organises illegal immigration and passionately believes that in so doing it is defending Jewish rights under the Mandate, will not be deterred by this measure. The Irgun will gain new adherents and carry out even more senseless acts of violence—but now with much less opposition from the Haganah. Meanwhile the 3,500 survivors of the gas chambers will either wait in France for the next boat to Palestine, or else be forcibly transported to Central America. When asked to deny that British warships would be used to convoy the ships to Columbia, Mr. Creech Jones refused to answer a "hypothetical question."

## Two Views on Coal

The week-end found Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Horner in contrasted moods over the prospects of coal output. Mr. Shinwell held out some hope of Great Britain being in a position to begin exporting coal next year, when "the anomalies arising from the five-day week will have disappeared and machinery and equipment will be flowing into the industry, and when, moreover, the men now entering the coal mines will have been properly trained." Mr. Horner, on the other hand, was speaking about the prospects for the coming winter, and went so far as to forecast a coal deficit that would mean a million and a quarter unemployed and many more not fully employed. The two prognostications are not, of course, formally inconsistent. Mr. Horner's purpose was to stress the need for further recruitment of miners, from any available source; whereas Mr. Shinwell was concerned to tell the miners that he was "not lecturing" them, and was probably trying to counteract the effects of recent threats of disciplinary action. As far as the coming winter is concerned, a serious coal deficit is not ruled out; but what it will mean in terms of unemployment is quite another matter. This depends partly on how the available coal is allotted, and a good deal on whether transport is again seriously held up, so as to prevent either men from working or coal from being moved. A third factor, of course, is the speed at which the industry adapts itself to the conditions of the five-day week. This should go better after the holiday season; and Mr. Shinwell was quite right in urging that it is of no use to expect miners to give up holidays when other workers are not even asked to do the same.

## Staggered Hours

The announcement that steps will be taken to enforce the staggering of hours on recalcitrant firms which refuse to fall in with majority decisions of the two sides in the industries concerned shows welcome firmness. It will, no doubt, be necessary to take account of the circumstances of particular firms, and not to apply a rigid rule to all that are classified as belonging to the same industrial group; but it is right to insist that individual firms shall not be allowed to stand out of the arrangements agreed upon by employers' associations and trade unions unless they can give sound reasons for doing so. Staggering is indispensable if a serious breakdown of electricity supply is to be avoided during the coming winter. For nothing on earth will increase generating capacity, or replace obsolete or worn-out plant, at a sufficient pace to meet all needs, even at a minimum load, unless the load can be to a substantial degree evened out. Staggering, of course, involves many awkward problems, both of transport and of managerial organisation inside the factories; but it is the obvious remedy for a situation that is in the main nobody's fault. What is essential is that there shall be close consultation between managements and the workers' side of Joint Production Committees, or their equivalents, in adapting the industrial schemes to the special conditions of particular productive establishments.

## The Uranium Curtain

Behind the Uranium Curtain of the West, chemists from all over the world have been meeting this week at the International Congress in London. But they have not been allowed to discuss the revolutionary developments in chemistry which follow the release of atomic energy. The embargo imposed by America, Britain and Canada has meant that those who are *au fait* with atomic chemistry, will not talk, and those who are not, cannot. It is the stultification of science and makes nonsense of those solemn assurances given by Truman, Attlee and Mackenzie King at Washington in 1945 that discussion of the scientific facts of atomic energy would be unrestricted. At the same time, by default of public discussion and Parliamentary vigilance, secrecy about Britain's atomic activities is tightening with sinister insidiousness. Chuter Ede has just put his name to an Order under the Official Secrets Act making the Government establishments at Risley and Springfield in Lancashire, and at Harwell in Berkshire, prohibited areas. This means that penalties for discussion of any activities there are extended from the five years' imprisonment, imposed by the Atomic Energy Act, into the longer terms of the Official Secrets Act. This is particularly reprehensible in connection with the Research and Development Station at Harwell, where, we were assured, purely scientific work, and no bomb-preparations, would be carried out and the scientific data published. It means that Mr. John Wilmot is a hostage to the Chiefs of Staff and the American G-men. When Lord Portal of Hungerford moved into Wilmot's Ministry to head the atomic projects it was emphasised that it was a civil appointment and nothing to do with his previous office of Chief of the Air Staff; now it is clear that he is the bowler-hatted bailiff for his Defence Ministry colleagues.

## PARLIAMENT: Odds and Ends

*Wednesday*

The coal debate was planned as a virtual vote of censure on the Government. It was to be the great Conservative demonstration that nationalisation of the mines had failed and that the resulting coal crisis was the cause of all our troubles. But something happened forty-eight hours before the debate began. Perhaps Mr. Hudson got wind of the figures which the Minister would be able to use. Anyway, when Clem Davies at the end of Question time rose to move the adjournment on the issue of the newsprint cuts, the Conservatives stood up to support him—as well as a handful of Labour journalists—although this involved ending the coal debate at 7 p.m. As a result, there was only time for a sober and impressive statement by Manny Shinwell, a knock-about show by Hudson, which abruptly terminated with an offensive and quite unreasoned attack on the Minister himself, and some desultory back-bench formalities. What sticks in the memory is the first occasion on which the Minister of Fuel and Power has ever stuck to his brief. It was a very good brief and he showed that, unlike most Ministers, he could read it without sounding as though he was doing so.

Then the House got down to it. The newsprint debate was the first for some time which has aroused really strong feelings. Naturally enough, therefore, it produced equally bad arguments from both sides. Sir Stafford Cripps, who intervened in the middle, was forensic and maddeningly unaware of the real issues involved. He aroused Sir Alan Herbert to paroxysms of fury about a totally imaginary suppression of liberty; and this in its turn produced an equally fantastic reply from Nye Bevan which seemed to prove that the less press we had the freer we would be. Beverley Baxter from the Opposition side made the best speech of the evening, and Mallalieu from the Government benches tried manfully to square his conscience with his loyalty, and simultaneously to talk sense. The whole debate was vitiated by two things: first, the bias against the popular press displayed by Labour speakers, too many of whom failed to realise that if you ration tripe, you may eliminate news; and second, the attempt to exploit the dislike of cuts in general which was obviously the main motive of the Opposition and which destroyed the effectiveness of their case.

On Friday, the Finance Bill was finally buried in an interesting Third Reading debate. It has now been with the House for several months during which the economic situation has been completely transformed. Oliver Stanley delivered an oration which was unusually witty and elegant even for him, but without much economic substance. A party which demands cuts in general, but is opposed to all in particular, is in something of a dilemma when it comes to finance. Follick, well known for his interest in linguistics, emphasised the importance of toothbrushes. He owns three, one of which rotates. The coffin was then lowered without much excitement, to the billing notes of Glanvil Hall.

On Monday the Tories used a part of one of their Supply days to raise once again the subject of the lost German Marks, already twice discussed. No new facts were revealed, and the Opposition relied on the Report of the Public Accounts Committee, with which the Government declared themselves to be in full agreement. Bellenger skilfully defended himself against the charge of misleading the House. He convincingly explained the difficulties involved in preventing soldiers from engaging in transactions with their cigarettes—particularly if the exchange rate is too low and American colleagues are in no way discouraged from such ventures. John Freeman, surprisingly for him, fell into an error of tact when winding up by accusing Maxwell Fyffe, wounded more than once in the First War, of only knowing the Army from the Judge Advocate General's department. Otherwise he relied, like Bellenger, on an ingenious argument that it would have been out of order in a previous debate to have referred to the major part of the loss. The Tories seemed a trifle regretful, when the Division came, that they had wasted so much time on a dead issue, so contracting the poorly attended discussion on the Territorial Army.

PHINEAS INC.

# THE NEED FOR LEADERSHIP

The Government is learning the hard way. For two years it has avoided a whole series of awkward decisions by banking on American assistance "if it comes to the worst." Dangerous disagreements between Ministers have been tided over, by skilful chairmanship, in the hope that a decision would never have to be made. Sir Stafford Cripps, at the Board of Trade, despite murmurings by Socialist colleagues, has continued to base our export policy on Cobdenite hopes of world trade recovery and an American price collapse which have not been realised. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he well knew that we could not afford them, has given way to the demand for gigantic Armed Forces and a huge armaments industry, and excused himself by arguing that America would somehow foot the bill. Measures to deal with maldistribution of labour between essential and non-essential industries have been postponed, month after month, in the hope that something would turn up which would avoid a clash with the trade union leaders. As its critics prophesied at the time that it was accepted, the American loan has acted, not as a stimulant but a narcotic.

Apparently even to-day—when the gap has reached £450 million and we have only a few months more before the last dollar is spent—there are still influential voices raised to counsel a policy of masterly inertia. "Things have gone so far," they say, "that nothing we can do will mend them. We have waited too long to be able to help ourselves. Let us wait a little longer. The Americans cannot afford to let us collapse. At the very least, they need our armies in Europe and in the Middle East; and, if they need them, they will surely pay for them."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the Americans have already made it crystal clear that this is precisely what they are *not* prepared to do. Whatever Standard Oil may desire, the American people will not take over responsibility for Middle Eastern security, let alone assist the British in what they regard as an unjust war against the Jews. In Germany, America is certainly ready, when Britain can no longer afford to do so, to take over the Ruhr and run it on American lines. But she is not ready to subsidise what she regards as a glaring example of British maladministration and inefficiency. As regards direct assistance under the Marshall Plan, Mr. Clayton—no doubt remembering Mr. Bevin's remarks on another occasion—has advised us not to push our way to the front of the queue. In brief, America is prepared to help us a little—if we help ourselves.

To many Government supporters the American attitude comes as a welcome relief. It removes the last rational excuse for calculated indecision; it gives the Cabinet an opportunity to face its disagreements squarely and to hammer out a Socialist policy; it compels action. Either the Labour Government redeems the disaster of 1931 by mastering this crisis with Socialist measures and Socialist incentives, or it must, sooner or later, accept the necessity for deflation and for unemployment as a whip for the working-class. Either we continue to ape the real strength of Russia and America with hollow pretensions of armed force—until bankruptcy overtakes us—or we evolve a foreign policy commensurate with our strength and take our place alongside France as a *European* Power. The issues have been put time after time in these pages over the last twelve months. Now they must be faced by the Cabinet.

Next Wednesday the Prime Minister is to discuss the crisis with the Parliamentary Labour Party in private session. It will be a fateful meeting. For the responsibility does not rest with the Cabinet alone but with the 300 back-bench Members, outside the Government, on whom it depends for its majority. As an anonymous back-bencher writes on another page, the Parliamentary Party has proved its loyalty and cohesion during the last two years. Whenever a disagreement arose, the majority has backed the Government against its critics, and the critics have accepted the decision for the sake of unity. But next week, with a long recess a few days off and nothing decided, an agreement to disagree will be worse than useless. The Parliamentary Party cannot attempt to make policy: it can legitimately demand that policy should be made. It is unsuited to draft a programme; but it can show, by the spirit of its discussion, that a statement of Government plans is essential before the Recess. It cannot lead: but it can exact the leadership which it and the country deserve.

# HOW TO MEET THE CRISIS

## II—THE ARMED FORCES

However ruthless the cuts in our imports may be during the next few months no one suggests that such cuts can of themselves bridge the gap, unless essential foodstuffs and raw materials are included in the same programme. Once that is done, it is the end of all hope of economic recovery. With inadequate food and insufficient raw materials the downward spiral would begin, ending in mass unemployment and a standard of life equivalent to that of a pre-war Balkan country, with no prospect of anything better in the future. Before they follow that disastrous course it is not surprising that the Government should hesitate in the hope that at the last minute they will be rescued by freely given dollars.

The only other effective action they can take, without ruining our internal economy, is, as their critics have pointed out for a year, to address themselves to the major cause of the deficit—Government overseas expenditure, of which the Armed Forces is the main item.

To disentangle the price in dollars from all the varied items which go to make up this year's Defence Budget of £900 million is almost impossible. Official statements label the amount that should be put down against the balance of payments as £175 millions. The sharing of the cost of the Anglo-American Zone in Germany, the never-ceasing rise in world prices, and other factors, have presumably made it higher. Conservative estimates put the bill for Germany at £80 million, and for the Middle East at another £60 to £80 million, a year. It would not be unfair to add a further £30 to £40 million for other overseas garrisons, and for food and materials of American origin consumed by the Forces, making a total of approximately £200 million for the "invisible imports," to use the Chancellor's phrase, which overseas military commitments involve. Here, then, is the obvious field in which to cut. That the Government are tempted by it, no one can doubt, and their concern was indicated again in the House last week by their reluctance to announce the release programme for the Services up to the end of the year, and by their tentative recognition that it might be necessary to bring the Armed Forces down below the strength planned for March 31, 1948. Arming beyond one's income whilst nearing bankruptcy is not an attractive proposition.

At the beginning of the year there were 1,420,000 in the Forces, of which the Army accounted for nearly 900,000. The Government said then that they aimed at decreasing the overall number by some 340,000 by the end of March, 1948. They believed that would be possible because British troops would soon be leaving Italy, Greece and, perhaps, Austria. So far they are still there, and demobilisation cannot have diminished the Forces by more than about

135,000 since January. Not counting the Navy and the Air Force, which can be assumed jointly to absorb at present about 500,000, the Army's strength must now be in the neighbourhood of 790,000. It is probably distributed as follows, if the figures I gave in the Debate on the Army Estimates (never denied by the Government) are any guide:—

| | |
|---|---|
| United Kingdom .. .. .. | 380,000 |
| Germany and Austria .. .. | 130,000 |
| Italy .. .. .. .. | 15,000 |
| Greece .. .. .. .. | 7,000 |
| Middle East (excluding Palestine) | 50,000 |
| Palestine .. .. .. .. | 95,000 |
| South-East Asia .. .. .. | 20,000 |
| India .. .. .. .. | 50,000 |
| Other overseas garrisons .. .. | 43,000 |
| | 790,000 |

Standing out in the list are Palestine, the Middle East, Italy and Greece, which total 167,000, while Germany and Austria come a close second with 130,000: 300,000 men, plus numerous sailors and squadrons of airmen, as invisible imports, spending a huge proportion of the gap between imports and exports. Acting as a base for them in England, there must be upwards of 150,000 men who, indirectly, stake their claim to many dollars as well. The Army is still almost four times the size that it was pre-war, and the Air Force three times, although the Navy is not far from its normal peacetime establishment.

The dilemma that the Government thinks it is in can be stated briefly. Anglo-American policy is directed at preventing possible Russian encroachments by show of force. The Americans have a well-known reluctance for maintaining overseas forces in peacetime. Our garrisons in Germany do not merely exist to control the German population, but are a bulwark against Russian aggression. In the Middle East the Palestinian problem demands troops, but the Russian demands them, too. In both areas the troops are British because Britain is one of the three world Powers and British interests are involved. If the British were to tell the Americans that they agreed with their policy but that they could not afford the commitments the policy entailed, then Britain would cease to be a world Power. That, says Mr. Bevin, would be the fact whether the Americans took the commitments over or not; and pride has prevented such a solution up to date.

Instead of admitting that we can no longer pay for a large overseas Army, the Government has felt that it is our duty to behave as though we could. Our role, apparently, is to hold the fort until the Americans come, although it is extremely doubtful if we could do so for more than a few weeks, handicapped by an overstrained economy endeavouring to sustain forces too large for it. Even if the Government were right to subscribe to the prevailing Anglo-American policy, they are not being honest with their American friends if they lead them to suppose that the British are in any position to fulfil their part of the bargain. The only certainty is that we are rapidly drifting into the position that France was in before the war, without the advantage of being able, as France did, to grow our own food.

For this fantastic state of affairs the Chiefs of Staff can no longer be justly blamed. They have been given the commitments to carry out and they, as soldiers, are obliged to fix the minimum number of men needed to do the job without undue risks. They dare not prune the Army too far so long as it is required by the Government as an operational force, ready for immediate action. They may also be finding themselves hampered in this direction by the inexorable working of the Age and Service rule for release. In the Navy and the Air Force the scheme was largely scrapped, to the accompaniment of great bitterness from those who were not demobilised in their turn. In the Army the system has been preserved intact, and by now this must mean that some sections of the Army are keeping more men than they really need. To revoke it now might damage the morale of the troops who were unlucky; but it would be worth while if it could be proved that doing so would release several thousands and save dollars.

Scared of being dubbed "Little Englanders," the Government are now approaching the further insoluble difficulties the critics warned them against. The commitments of today, founded as they are on the Anglo-American fear of Russia, are not likely to disappear tomorrow. Here and there the numbers can be whittled down, as in India, but if world politics do not suddenly take a sharp turn for the better, no appreciable impression can be made on them. Possibly even the target of 1,087,000 by March 1, 1948, will not be reached. But the Government is bound by two of its own pledges. One, that no man called up after January 31, 1947, will serve for more than two years. Two, that the period of conscription will be twelve months and not eighteen. Taken together, the mathematics set in train by these two pledges will force a reduction of the total Armed Forces to something in the region of 750,000 towards the end of next year and will only allow a sufficient number of replacements for a force of just over 600,000 in the early months of 1949, when the National Service Act takes effect.

During 1948 there must either be a terrific rundown, with a consequent loss of efficiency, in order to reach the figure of 600,000, or the Government must break its promise to keep the length of national service to twelve months. If they come to the conclusion that national service must, after all, last for eighteen months, they will be faced with another consideration—the cost. In 1939 the Defence Budget was £580 million. As ever, war has encouraged technical advances. Atom bombs and jet-propelled aeroplanes are not as cheap to produce and develop as the more old-fashioned instruments of death and destruction. The overheads in research and manufacture are getting higher, to say nothing of the all-round increase in prices. Last year's £900 million was less than a normal year's expenditure would be, because, as Mr. Bellenger pointed out in the House last Monday, we have been depending on wartime stocks and little has been set aside for new production. Soon the Army, and the other Services, will have to be re-equipped and the price might easily be nearly double that of pre-war—an intolerable burden that can only be avoided by cutting the Armed Forces.

So, whether it is numbers or whether it is cost, the Government are in a jam. They can only get out of it by making a frank assessment of our resources and refusing to support a larger force than the country in its present position can bear. To do that, it will be necessary to leave only a token force in Germany, or to make America bear the expense of maintaining a real Army. In Palestine, 95,000 soldiers can be reclaimed for a start, by informing Uno of the date of their withdrawal. A similar policy succeeded in India. There is no reason why it should fail in Palestine, and if it did, somebody else must do the policing. The remainder of our military commitments in the Middle East should consist only of the bases and installations we already possess and one or two highly trained, and well armed, units to operate from them.

None of these courses would imply disagreement with America: merely a final recognition that, in terms of armaments and war, Britain is no more one of the Big Three. By these means we could reduce the Armed Forces to 780,000 by March 31, 1948, reaching the promised figure of 600,000 by the beginning of 1949. Gradually the numbers could come lower than that and the standing force that remains could be mechanised and powerful for some £600 million a year, having substantial reserves of National Servicemen at its back. Also, the returning soldiers, if well distributed in the country, could contribute to the trade drive, and provide at least £100 million worth of exports.

WOODROW WYATT

# A LONDON DIARY

I HEAR that, in a certain Tory club in St. James's Street, they are laying ten to one on a Coalition Government before Christmas. These rumours have cropped up every three or four months since the 1945 election, and recently they reached such dimensions that the Prime Minister himself took action privately to kill them. Partly of course they are caused by sheer wishful-thinking. The Tories know that they are unlikely to win an election, and that, if they did so by some miracle, they could not possibly rule the country against organised Labour. Election or no election therefore, a National Government is their only hope of a return to power. Another reason is the analogy of 1940. The Tory says to himself, "When the real crisis came in 1940, we had to call Labour in. This winter the country will be facing an equally desperate crisis, and this time too the Government will have to call on the Opposition in order to achieve national unity." The fallacy of this argument is that even if the Prime Minister, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison felt that they could carry the country through the crisis better with some Tories in the Cabinet; even if they managed to persuade some of the big trade union leaders to support them, and carried with them a large section of the Parliamentary Labour Party—even if all this happened, the Labour movement would certainly be split, and then the opposition leadership would pass to "the wild men." The Prime Minister would in fact be creating a really formidable opposition instead of the tame one which now faces him. Why on earth should he do so?

* * *

But there is one thing which *could* defeat the Labour Government—widespread and continuous unemployment. This might well destroy within six months the basis of the Government's power. Under conditions of full employment the working-class will always have the whip-hand. As someone remarked to me the other day: "The Executive of the National Union of Miners is the power behind the throne to-day. Ten years ago it was the City of London." That is perfectly true, and exemplifies the shift of power which took place during the war and after the election. But it is equally true that, with two million unemployed in this country, organised Labour would be forced back to the position which it held between the wars, and the whip-hand would pass to the employers, whatever government were in power. That is why far-sighted Tories like David Eccles—drawing his ammunition from the arsenal of *The Economist*—are preaching deflation, and even moderates like Dick Law argue that all planning is bad. They see that the present situation—full employment without any real planning—cannot last. Under the pressure of the dollar crisis we must either move towards a real wages and profits policy—including such measures as forbidding workers to enter over-manned industries and imposing a tax on capital appreciation or a capital levy—or else we shall slip back into the pre-war position where fear of unemployment provided the incentive to work and forced men to stay in the underpaid basic industries. The real danger to-day is that the Government will refuse for so long to make up its mind that we may find ourselves with a policy of deflation enforced by a Labour Cabinet. A coalition is out of the question: a coalition policy is still an unpleasant possibility.

* * *

I had always imagined that Eire, at least, with dairy produce as its chief industry, was free from most of the current food troubles. A letter I have just received from a British housewife on holiday there has disillusioned me. Prices of the staple foodstuffs are considerably higher than in England. Meat is 3*s*. 6*d*. a lb. against our 1*s*. 6*d*. to 1*s*. 10*d*. Bread, also rationed, is 1*s*. 3*d*. a large loaf. Tinned fruit costs nearly twice as much as here. A 2lb. tin of treacle, sold for 1*s*. 7*d*. here, is 4*s*. 9*d*. in Eire. Threepenny bars of chocolate are sixpence, while bacon, another rationed commodity, is 3*s.* 6*d.* a lb. Butter, at 2 oz. a week, however, is about the same price, although vegetables are more expensive. To complete the picture, tea is rationed at the minute quantity of three-quarters of an ounce a week, and visitors from England are entreated to bring their tea with them and are envied their ample supplies. The situation for the Irish worker seems no different from that of the working classes on the Continent. Unable to afford the high prices for meat (a small leg of lamb worth 7*s.* in England costs 17*s.* 6*d.* in Eire), and other basic commodities, he goes without. But, for the few well-to-do, there is still plenty. Hence the travellers' tales from those who stay only on large farms in Eire, or eat uncontrolled in Dublin restaurants, and do not take the trouble to go shopping with an Eire housewife.

* * *

The National Union of Journalists has made an admirable job of its written evidence to the Royal Commission, though it will disappoint those who expected a sensational indictment of Fleet Street methods. But it contains ample material to justify the N.U.J. demand for a full-dress inquiry. In this case, precise detail is more telling than vague melodrama. I am glad that the N.U.J. has chosen to submit recent examples of distortion, and interference with editorial independence, instead of raking up the past. The substance of the case against the Press Lords was pretty well established in the inter-war years. The job of the Commission is to determine what is happening to-day and to base its recommendations on that. Though the evidence does discuss the evils of monopoly, especially the decline of competitive news-agencies, most of it deals with inaccuracy and distortion of news—both serious violations of the professional code of journalism. I can understand why some Ministers feel so sore about the Press when I read the N.U.J. analysis of the treatment of bread rationing, squatting, or even of the appointment of the Royal Commission. The N.U.J. points out, quite rightly, that there is persistent misrepresentation of the news for political purposes, and that some papers deliberately ignore denials or corrections. A special appendix describes the Jewish terrorist scare stunt last autumn. Whatever the motives for this campaign, there is no doubt that many of the stories of threats to Ministers, security precautions and man-hunts were fabrications. The N.U.J. alleges, as an example of advertisers' pressure, that the *Daily Mail* cancelled the exhibit of the Baird system of colour television at the Ideal Home Exhibition after protests from the rival Electrical and Musical Industries Ltd.

* * *

There are plenty of ideas here for the Royal Commission to take up with other witnesses. But what positive proposals does the N.U.J. make? Reform of the libel laws rightly comes high in the list. Legal restriction of monopolies seems desirable, but difficult to apply. Restrictions on certain forms of sales promotion and the fixing of a ratio of advertisements to editorial space are both sensible and workable. So, probably, are the encouragement of trusteeship ownership by taxation benefits and periodical publication of details of proprietorship. But it is not so easy to prevent misrepresentation or improper directives to editors. I am inclined to agree with the proposal to set up a central professional council with general powers to supervise the behaviour of journalists and owners alike. Other professions have such bodies. Why not the press? A permanent court of appeal, representing all sides of the newspaper industry, seems as good a safeguard against undue pressure, interference or violation of professional ethics as any one can devise.

* * *

I have often wondered whether the broadcast S.O.S. really justifies itself—whether the person who witnessed the fatal accident does communicate with the Chief Constable, or the relative of the patient "dangerously ill" does "go at once" to the hospital, or the lady who was served with formaldehyde instead of stomach pills gets to know in time. Did the children who took the drugs from the doctor's car get the announcer's warning? (And were they children, or ordinary sneak-thieves who might throw away their booty in disgust, leaving it for children, perhaps, to find? And why do doctors leave dangerous drugs in cars?) The B.B.C. says that, between April 1st, 1946, and March 31st, 1947, it recorded the following results: "Missing persons" messages ("Will John Brown, last heard of at so-and-so, go at once. . ."): 187 successful, 100 unsuccessful, 64 not known. Witnesses of fatal accidents: 108 successful, 217 unsuccessful, two not known. Lost drugs, and requests for special drugs by hospitals: 31 successful, 135 unsuccessful. In 1946, 283 appeals for witnesses of accidents in the Metropolitan Police District got 100 replies. Scotland Yard regard this as satisfactory and say that it was a 5 per cent increase on 1945. The figures amply justify the system, it seems to me. They indicate far more than mere rule-of-thumb observance of a routine too well established for listeners to ignore it.

* * *

Hurrying through the central lobby of the House of Commons a few days ago, I was caught in the crowd waiting to see the daily Speaker's procession go past. Next to me was a small boy, who had obviously been shown the murals depicting great events in our history. Perhaps he had seen Westminster Hall, where William Wallace, Charles I and Warren Hastings were tried. As the group filed past, the Speaker in his wig, surrounded by sombre gentlemen, with a grave air, carrying the mace and wearing swords, the little boy piped up: "Mummy, are they taking him to the Tower?" POLYCRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to James McClement.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

To a remark that the "cabbage leaf" theory about birth was a farce, Fr. Quille retorted—"When our people had this 'cabbage leaf' theory, our population was much higher than it is to-day."—Report in *Glasgow Evening News.*

Townley Searle writes to say that the play first referred to in our issue of June 18 is not his play—with the same title—published a week or so previously, and that although he is editor of "Pups," and honorary secretary of the Pub Users' Protection Society, the scene of his play is not set in a public-house but in a world devastated by atomic warfare.—Correction in *Daily Telegraph.*

Why do announcers drop the use of the customary titles "Mr." and Miss," and why do B.B.C. commentators invariably address one another by their Christian names? Is there no reticence left!—Letter in *Radio Times.*

During the remainder of the stay of the Goodwill Mission from America there will be extra patrols out in the West End to see that there is no further trouble.—Report in the *Star.*

Banbury R.D.C. was told yesterday that, though the need for public telephone kiosks in villages was acute, the Oxfordshire County Council had refused to allow the G.P.O. to erect them because they considered the red colour "unharmonious."—Report in *Birmingham Post.*

The hostel will subsequently be adapted for the usual two sex function and will then accommodate about forty people.—Circular on Lakeland Youth Hostels.

# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER

[*The author of this contribution is an influential Labour M.P. who for special reasons must remain anonymous.*]

Dear Prime Minister,

I am an ordinary "back bencher." Coming to Parliament, as a Member, is an incident in my life within the Socialist movement. Loyalty is inherent in me, as it is in so many of my fellow Labour members. Most of us saw from the start the need for unity within. There were times when my loyalty has been strained, but always I have placed unity of the Party before my own personal judgment, because, so far, unity has been an end in itself. The recent newsprint decision was politically a mistake, but the Government lobby recorded my name. A united Parliamentary Labour Party is a fundamental necessity as the base from which the necessary leadership of this country must spring.

Coalition is just silly talk. It would defeat all hope of giving real national leadership. Labour in the fields, factories and mines has the reality of power to-day; it has left the hands of those who were our bosses. Coalition would deliver the workers a blow from which the nation would not recover.

We are now ending the second session, and we record our successes. History will write your name in big letters over the development of India, where you have shown statesmanship of the highest order. We know what a different story it would have been if the previous Prime Minister had been in the saddle. We have passed most of our main measures of nationalisation with legislative efficiency. Often, like so many of my fellow back benchers, I have differed on detail, but in order to get the measure through I have played my part by being silent. I gladly accept the discipline which the building of Socialism demands.

Often during week-ends I went to the country and with enthusiasm expounded our policy. You and I know how difficult it is to be positive, as we have to be in Government, after a lifetime of denouncing capitalism and its evils. Like you, I had served many years in local government and learned the lessons that responsibility teaches.

Then came the coal crisis. I was in the Chamber when the Minister of Fuel made his statement. That was a turning-point for me. My unquestioning certainty of the ability of the Government to ride the storms that I knew lay ahead was gone. Now there are times when I think that one of the chief reasons that we are wearing so well in the country is not due so much to our own inherent virtues, as to the inefficiency and ineptitude of the Opposition. Yes, politically we can be thankful for that, but is it good for our country? I have my doubts.

We knew, when we came in, the stern tasks that lay ahead. We could not at that time calculate how quickly America would forget the moral debt to us in their economic relationship with us. But there it is and we must face it. We asked for the loan—oh, yes! I voted for it, but we know it has not done what we expected. I heard the Lord President's speech in the House on imports and exports, a desperate plea to America. I tell you bluntly, I am glad that consideration of the so-called Marshall offer is postponed to the New Year. The body of this country is sick, and another shot of economic morphine will not bring us back to health.

Let us then look at what we have got. Basic industries which must be recapitalised. That they are undermanned does not alter the fact that all our prosperity rests upon them and particularly upon coal. Everything seems to come back to coal these days. Textiles denuded of man- and woman-power; luxury trades booming; "spivvery" flourishing.

I know you will say this is over-simplification.

That is true, but it focuses our problem. We must import food and certain raw materials to live. Therefore, exports must be increased. Industries, entertainment, personal services and rackets that soak up food and goods, or man-hours, during our period of shortage are not only parasitic but are traitorous in their effect.

I believe the hour of decision has arrived; delay will bring disaster. We have two roads we can travel—direction of labour, or, alternatively, the deliberate adoption of Socialist drive and purpose that will achieve the same end. I rule out direction of labour. The people would soon defeat it. The trade unions will reject it, knowing that most of the workers would not stand for direction so that their firm could make bigger profits.

That, of course, is part of the paradox that we face. Private profit-making may coincide with national interest, but we are fooling ourselves if we think that the worker will accept this viewpoint. No, direction can be ruled out.

Let us then examine other means that lie to hand. Workers must be made to feel that they have the right job in the interest of the country. Employers, if they wish to continue (and indirect controls will help us here) will have to organise with national interest as their main-spring.

Plowden's planners will be necessary, but our job is the creation of a new public opinion that will make for real co-operation by all the people. How ineffectual was "Work or Want." British people do not like threats, they will respond to leadership. This "little bit" policy of ours simply irritates. Tell them all the facts and no more waiting for American largesse. Show them the plan, appeal to their better instincts. The call must be "Towards the New Britain." Everyone of our people must be made to want to play their part. Those of us who aspire to give leadership must act as the spearhead of this national patriotic revolution.

This then is our great task. In months we have to change people. You may think that much of what I have to say now is like the whole of my letter, presumptuous. I am sorry, but these things have got to be said.

The old must give way to the new. Ministers who have failed, or just tick over, must go—there are some who come in this category. You know it, and you know that I know it. I know how busy you are; I often wish you had time to mix with your own back benchers. Never have Government benches been so full of eager and able members as to-day. If we fail it will not be because of want of talent, but because it has not been used. A major Government reconstruction has become a vital necessity.

The present Cabinet structure will not do. Our Ministers, Cabinet and otherwise, are all immersed in their departments. In their public speeches they show a complete lack of grasp on policy outside their departments. May I suggest with respect that a No. 1 priority is a small overriding Cabinet of five or six Ministers freed from departmental responsibility? They will conduct the main battle both by political decision at the centre and by explanation in the country. Ministers in their departments will relate their work to the main struggle and reflect it in their departmental operations. During the recess you and you alone must decide: is this to be our economic Munich or the beginning of a real Socialist Britain?

Please do not misunderstand. I know only too well there is no one way, and nobody has all the answers. But you have the power. I heard your speech on the last vote of censure; it was good. I heard your speech on the second reading of the India Bill; it was good, too, but above all I remember your speech at Beaver Hall, when we started out together. Then you told us, Ministers would be tried and tested; some would go; new men would come forward, "we cannot have passengers," you said.

Two years have passed. Comrade, the day has come.

Yours sincerely,

Back Bencher

# YUGOSLAVIA

## I.—PLAN AND POLICY

The Plan's the thing. When news of Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech reached me last month, I was standing on the bank of a swift-flowing river in Bosnia, in the company of a civil engineer from Zagreb, who was surveying the projected site for a new hydro-electric station. "There," said my companion, "is our answer to dollar imperialism." Behind the enthusiasm, the almost fanatical zeal, with which the Republics of Yugoslavia are carrying out the federal Five-Year Plan lies partly the conviction that the focus of European prosperity is moving eastwards and that, economically, the future lies with the countries of the Russian bloc; but the real dynamic which is driving the Plan forward is the determination that Yugoslavia shall never again be dependent on the capitalist Powers of the West. It is conceded that, to some extent, the economy of Yugoslavia needs to be integrated with that of Czechoslovakia and Poland; and the idea of bilateral exchanges of timber and other surplus products in return for, say, British machinery, is by no means excluded. But the key point in the Government's policy is that only by large-scale industrialisation can the standard of living be raised and assurance found that Yugoslavia will finally emerge from the inter-war phase in which she was a backward, semi-colonial dependency of Western capitalism.

That policy has not only captured the imagination of the great mass of the population, urban workers and peasants alike; it has unified the Republics to an extent which is hard to realise by those familiar with Serb-Croat and Serb-Macedonian antagonisms in the inter-war period. Montenegro, whose Omladina (Youth Movement) is building a new railway from Titograd to Niksic, nevertheless sent several youth brigades to work this summer in Bosnia on the Sarajevo-Samac railway. (The new railways are being built for Yugoslavia, not for any single Republic, I was told.) In Macedonia the influence of the Separatist Movement (Vrmo) is now negligible. It is popularly regarded as being pro-American and hence unpatriotic. Even in Croatia the efforts of the Roman Church to mobilise opposition are rendered largely ineffective by the Church's association with the alien influences behind Pavelic.

The unity thus forged is essentially defensive, not aggressive. In the course of a month's random journey through much of Yugoslavia my wife and I were repeatedly implored, in towns and villages alike, to take back to England from the A.F.Z. (the Anti-Fascist Organisation in which the women of the National Front are mobilised for social work) the message that peace is the passionate demand of the people of Yugoslavia. Certainly I could find no evidence in Macedonia or elsewhere that Yugoslavia is contemplating any adventures in the direction of Greece. Fairly exhaustive inquiries on the spot satisfied me that the American newspaper story of an International Brigade concentrated at Split is a pure fabrication; the only overt supporter of the Greek partisans whom I could find in Split was an obese, middle-aged confectioner who had a portrait of General Markos pasted up on his window. As for Macedonia, though no restrictions whatever were placed on my movements, I am naturally not in a position to testify that no single Greek partisan crosses the frontier and is succoured by sympathetic villagers; but, after careful cross-checking of statements from official quarters and from quite unofficial peasants, I am firmly persuaded that no organised Yugoslav military assistance is reaching the Greek "rebels." On the contrary, there is a widespread fear, not only in Macedonia but throughout Yugoslavia, that, failing to defeat the partisans, the Greek Government may adopt the desperate expedient of provoking a frontier incident in the hope that U.S. forces can be dragged into a war against Yugoslavia.

Irrational? Perhaps; but while I was there, Greek aeroplanes crossed the frontier and machine-gunned a group of Yugoslav soldiers. Moreover, most Yugoslavs tell you that, as they see it, the United States have already declared "cold war" on the peoples of Eastern Europe and that Britain, for reasons which the Yugoslavs find utterly incomprehensible, is acting as America's ally in that campaign. Was not Anglo-American refusal of further grain supplies in the autumn of 1946 motivated by the deliberate desire to see the Government in Belgrade embroiled with the richer peasantry of the Banat and the Voivodina, on whom the screw had to be tightened in order to secure further deliveries of hoarded grain? And what of the attitude of the Western Allies towards Yugoslav D.P.s in Austria and Italy? What of all the agents (quietly but efficiently netted by the Yugoslav Security Police) sent into Macedonia and Slovenia by the various British and American Secret Services? If Yugoslavia feels herself to be on the defensive, it is not enough to say that she is unduly suspicious of others' intentions. There is another, and uglier, side to that story.

Hence the Plan, whose well-publicised targets are galvanising the nation into an activity staggering to an observer accustomed to the leisurely tempo of British reconstruction. Aimed primarily at raising industrial production until, in 1951, it represents 65 per cent. of the national income, as compared with 45 per cent. before the war, the Plan calls for immense increases in the output of hydro-electric power, coal, steel, and heavy engineering products. The exploitation of Yugoslavia's rich mineral resources—manganese, zinc, lead and aluminium—is also to be stepped up enormously. Simultaneously, through scientific methods of irrigation and drainage, more general use of fertilisers, better seed and a large investment in agricultural machinery, farm production—with particular emphasis on industrial crops—is to be considerably raised. Finally, since it is recognised that the efforts of the peasants depend ultimately not only on "partisanism" but on the ability to procure consumer goods in the shops and in the village co-operative stores, light industries producing such things as clothing, boots and shoes, ironmongery and wireless sets are to be intensively developed.

The targets for the Plan are ambitious; and though the rate of achievement registered in the first six months exceeds the Plan's schedule, I am not prepared to say that they can all be reached by 1951. What is obvious is that, under the inspiration of the Plan, a well-balanced programme of reconstruction is going ahead with phenomenal speed. This year's harvest is good, and already (notably in Montenegro) irrigation is leading to a striking increase in the output from hitherto unfertile land. Transport, road and rail, is being rapidly rehabilitated, and prodigies have already been performed in the rebuilding of wrecked bridges. The rate of construction of new houses and factories appeared to me to be about four times as rapid as that in Britain. In bomb-flattened Titograd work goes on unremittingly with the temperature 105 in the shade.

There are, of course, big snags to be overcome. Railway rolling stock is scanty and most of it in a bad state of repair. Gradually war losses are being made good by repairing and "cannibalising" the immense numbers of German locomotives and wagons which the partisans wrecked and whose skeletons still lie thickly beside many miles of Yugoslav railway. This, however, will take time; and an awkward road transport problem will also arise as the Unrra trucks, imported in 1945-1946 and subjected to an appalling strain on rough, patched-up roads, wear out. The Americans saw little point in letting Unrra supply Yugoslavia with automobile repair shops; and without substantial assistance from Czechoslovakia and Russia, the Yugoslavs, for all their natural genius in improvisation and "make do," may be hard put to it to keep essential road services going during the next two or three years. By 1951 an annual domestic output of 6,000 trucks is planned, but this figure strikes the observer as optimistic.

A further question which arises is whether the immense capital investment for which the Plan calls (nearly £1,400 millions) can be undertaken in a country which the war left stripped of every kind of necessity without serious inflationary pressure on the price level of consumer goods and of food. In a capitalist economy this would be an almost insoluble difficulty. In Yugoslavia, with its three "sectors"—socialised industry, co-operative enterprises and privately owned farming and small-scale trading and artisan production—all subject to rigid price ceilings, the problem can, I believe, be solved. Government policy, endorsed unreservedly by the trade unions, is to discountenance any increase in nominal wages; real wages are rising, and will rise still further, as consumer goods become more plentiful and cheaper. Coupled with a very effective form of differential rationing for various categories of the population, this policy is succeeding in preserving remarkable stability in the wage-price structure. Moreover, there are two further factors which offset the inflationary influence of capital expenditure on the vast scale contemplated. First, there was much pre-war "slack" in the form of inefficiently organised agriculture and unproductively occupied urban workers to be taken up. Secondly, a large proportion of the physical reconstruction of Yugoslavia is being carried out by voluntary unpaid labour. There are working to-day on the Bosnian Youth Railway 180,000 boys and girls between 15 and 24 years of age—roughly 1,000 per mile of track under construction. They cost the Government nothing beyond the cost of the food they eat. In every town and village, workers and peasants, men and women, including the "white-collared" staffs of government offices and newspapers, put in voluntary shifts in the evening and at week-ends building houses and repairing roads. Their efforts form the most impressive antidote to price inflation I have ever seen.

It is the success which the Government of new Yugoslavia has had in eliciting voluntary work on a massive scale which has made possible the immense strides in social welfare, education and health which are being taken *pari passu* with economic reconstruction. In Bosnia, southern Serbia and Macedonia, where Moslem traditions and the hang-over of Turkish misrule have left a trail of illiteracy and squalor, much has still to be done. But in the provision already made for schools, homes for the 200,000 war orphans, day nurseries and creches, new clinics and hospitals, Yugoslavia has a record of which Britain would be proud. Inheritors of a terrible legacy of war diseases and malnutrition, the Governments of the Republics, aided by the fine work of the Unrra Mission, have set themselves the task of wiping out malaria, eliminating illiteracy, and raising the general standard of hygiene and education. Culture is to be the propellant of the Plan.

In this social work the A.F.Z., as chief agent, works magnificently. The money and labour devoted to the welfare of children is unstinted. On a wooded hill a few miles from the centre of Belgrade, a Children's Republic to accommodate 5,000 Pioneers (age group 4-14) in the summer is being built. The project was started in April. Already over a dozen admirably designed, solidly built houses—each accommodating 40 children—have been completed, together with a large central hall containing cinema and recreation rooms. A miniature railway, for instructional purposes, is under construction, and the Republic already has as open-air puppet theatre, swimming pool and toy ocean, complete with lighthouse. Even Wendy Houses are to be found among the trees. By July 1 four hundred young citizens of the new Republic had been installed. In Yugoslavia the pipe-dreams of social reformers have a way of coming true.

AYLMER VALLANCE

(*To be concluded*)

# SAINTS IN SHORT SUPPLY

ONE of the shortages from which French science is suffering is a lack of saints. This, as a Paris professor assured me, is serious because only saints dedicated to penury and penance could endure the mortifications of the flesh and the spirit to which French scientists are subjected to-day.

It is no use trying to console them by pointing out that the flint-and-tinder of French scientific genius still sparks and is capable of lighting torches in the tradition of Lavoisier, Pasteur, Becquerel and the Curies. On my recent tour of laboratories and at the nightly "inquests" with groups of scientists, I would remind them of things I had seen, exciting examples of original work or of typically French brilliance in the approach to problems, but they took it not as a compliment but as a reproach.

In their present mood they regard individual genius in the French tradition as a liability. Each of us (they would say) thinks he is a future Nobel Prizewinner, undisposed to team-work, and the authorities accept us on that valuation. They expect us, in an age of massive instruments and costly laboratory equipment, to furnish our own labs, improvise our own tools and be as modest in our requirements as Pasteur or the Curies. To-day when the Americans are prepared to spend a million dollars on a single laboratory machine and switch a team on to an intensive piece of research, the craftsman-scientist, plodding along, is bound to be outstripped.

The malaise is not confined to the research side of French science. I went to call on one who holds a key position in the university world. He greeted me with "I-am-delighted-to-meet-you again-things-are-dreadful," all in one breath. And certainly the picture I got was disturbing.

The budget for the universities had been drastically curtailed, limiting reforms and expansion, but even current costs are not being met. The College de France, founded in 1530, by Francois 1st, is threatening to close its doors because it cannot pay its bills for light, heating and water. The Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris has unpaid "housekeeping" bills equal to a whole year's appropriation. The Faculty of Science entered 1947 with duns for over £10,000. When the deans of the various faculties humbled their not inconsiderable pride and asked for a State subsidy of 200,000,000 francs (say £400,000) to meet their bills, Schumann offered 120,000,000 francs, which they regarded as an insult.

Bitter complaints, with threats of a "Savants' Strike," are made against the scales of pay. The income of scientists and university teachers averages out at less than £500 a year. A "Maitre de Recherche," the Chief director of a laboratory, gets less than £750 a year and a highly qualified scientific officer will get about £250. These scales are paralleled among the teaching professors and staff. There are family allowances and other concessions, but, as one professor reminded me sourly, these are offset by the fact that "only civil servants and university professors genuinely pay income tax."

What has happened to that scientific resurgence and ebullient hopefulness which I found among the scientists in the liberated Paris of 1944? Then Joliot-Curie, with no real status except his great reputation and his leadership of Resistance, had "taken possession." He was shaping the Centre National de La Recherche Scientifique as the State instrument of research. It was to organise, supervise and finance research, take over existing State institutions, establish new ones, recruit high-grade staffs, endow scientific enterprises and provide equipment. De Gaulle brought that into being and, within the severe limits of its finances (about £400,000 a year) and the available scientific manpower, the Centre is doing a good job.

On the academic side, Pierre Auger, the authority on cosmic rays and one of the younger, active and progressive scientists became the Director of Higher Education, virtually the Lord High Chancellor of all French Universities, since the State has much greater powers of intervention than in this country, with the Rectors as Ministerial appointments. It was as if Professor Blackett had been put in to direct all university education. Now Auger's plans are imperilled by the ruthless economies which are being imposed.

Joliot-Curie is now High Commissioner of Atomic Energy. With complete frankness and no interdictions of secrecy, I was allowed to tour all the establishments. I saw the progress of the work in the concealed fortifications at the Fort de Chatillon, where the cassernes, casements and tunnels have been converted into laboratories, and at the uranium refineries at Le Bouchet, 30 miles from Paris. I inspected the site of "Atom Village" at Christ de Saclay, where the developmental work will be done on the uses of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. They have disavowed the bomb ("Try it," said one of the Commissioners, "It gives you a much more comfortable feeling"). There is no reason to doubt that with brilliant leadership and a brilliant team, including some who have played a vital part in the wartime project, France is capable of transmuting its nuclear knowledge into atomic energy. Joliot-Curie, with a budget of £2½ million, reckons that the first two piles will be functioning at Saclay within two years and aims to have a powerful industrial energy station constructed within seven years. But they are as frank about their difficulties as they are about their secrets. There is a lack of essential and ordinary laboratory equipment and a grave deficiency in trained men. That is why they have placed their stations within easy reach of Paris—to borrow the part-time services of the University staff and to train students.

This manpower shortage is as distressing a problem as the lack of finance. A Commission, similar to our Barlow Commission, is being set up to review the scientific manpower requirements. The French Commission, however, is meeting in a period of retrenchment. When I reminded a group of scientists that we were planning to double our output of science graduates in the next ten years and have over 70,000 by 1957, they were incredulous. They had no reliable estimates but they doubted whether France could muster 20,000 scientists at present and the outlook was not encouraging. Various factors (they explained) were responsible. In the First World War, a generation of scientists had been lost because, despite the fact that Napoleon had established the tradition of using scientists in high military councils, scientists were mobilised without discrimination and sacrificed. They claimed, however, that the wastage had been even more serious in the Second World War because the student-deportations and the flight to the Maquis had lost, irrevocably, at least five years' output of graduates. Either they had not returned or had been hopelessly unsettled.

Another factor is "Dead Men's Shoes." In the universities, the technical colleges and the institutes, there is a dead weight of old men, clinging to their posts and, more damagingly, to their traditions. Apart from standing in the way of promotions, facilities for work depend on their favours and projects are subject to their highly conservative approval.

And then there is America. Frustrated scientists look westwards. One scientist who has notable researches to his credit wanted to continue his work in France. "In another year, perhaps," said his old chief, "I may have money for your salary. Meantime, here is a laboratory, equip it yourself". To equip it would have cost my friend at least £2,000—and even if he had had the money he could not have got the apparatus in France and currency restrictions would have prevented him buying it elsewhere. So he decided to accept an appointment in the U.S.

The Monnet Plan made no reference whatever to science—the indispensable prerequisite to France's long-term revival. There is some justification for the cynicism and frustration of the French scientists. Yet what I have seen of work being done, under difficulties, in laboratories despoiled by the Germans, with inadequate equipment and material, is proof enough that the quality and facility of French research is unimpaired.

The entente between French and British science—as part of the greater commonwealth of science—has always been close. It should be closer now. We can help the French scientists at a critical time. They need insight into developments which occurred outside when France was still occupied. They desperately need equipment or access to new equipment. If we can give material aid we should, but we can at least offer the hospitality of our laboratories to French post-graduate research—not as patronage but in common purpose. Our own difficulties are considerable but they are less than theirs and a lease-lend in brains, materials and opportunities would be mutual aid to both countries and a help to French recovery. RITCHIE CALDER

# THE STRANGE CASE OF THE COMPANIES BILL

WHEN Hugh Dalton, as President of the Board of Trade in the Coalition Government, appointed the Cohen Committee to review Company Law and to make recommendations, the step was received with almost unanimous approval. There had been a growing public uneasiness at the widespread practice of individuals and companies making use of "stooge" shareholders or "nominees" in order to conceal, for dubious purposes, the true ownership of shares in many important and powerful companies, and the chain of their control. The wide scope afforded by Section 26 of the Act of 1929 for the formation of private companies, with the privilege of not having to file their annual balance sheet, had resulted in the activities of over 200,000 limited companies, some of them important and powerful organisations, and with an aggregate invested capital of nearly £2,000,000,000, being shrouded in secrecy from the inconvenient eyes of the trade union movement and of the general public.

On the publication of the Cohen Report it was immediately apparent that far-reaching changes in the relationship between the directors and the shareholders, the investing public and companies and the State and companies were to be expected. If the report were adopted directors would become responsible for a greater disclosure to their companies of their interest in the companies' shares and debentures; would be prohibited—except in certain well-defined circumstances—from borrowing money from their companies; and would have their remuneration, whether by way of ordinary emoluments, expenses or compensation for loss of office, disclosed in the companies' circulated accounts. The rights of shareholders, as against those of directors, would be substantially extended; and the interests of the general public substantially safeguarded by an insistence on more comprehensive and informative standards of accounting.

The Report proposed that several loopholes should be closed in the law relating to the issue and contents of prospectuses—thus benefiting prospective investors. And the interests of the general public, as well as of creditors, were to be served by the disclosure of ownership in shares nominally held. To the trade unions there were to be accorded the minor concessions that, on the winding up of a company, any employee—whether clerk or manual worker—was to be entitled to claim up to £100 of any salary or wages due and unpaid during the four preceding months; and that, to be exempt from the obligation of filing its accounts, any private company would have to show, *inter alia*, that no body corporate was an owner of any shares, and that debenture holders did not exceed fifty.

The Cohen Committee Report was generally well received by the commercial and professional community, and nobody doubted that suitable legislation would automatically follow. It did. On December 5th, 1946, the Lord Chancellor introduced a Companies Bill, based very substantially on the Cohen Report, into the Lords, where it was debated without the generation of a therm of political heat, a Third Reading being finally accorded on April 1st, 1947. In the meantime, however, the General Election had occurred. Its impact was nowhere visible in the Bill submitted to the Lords, or in the emasculated form in which it was presented to the Commons for Second Reading on June 2nd, 1947. For the Government, apparently anxious to get the Bill through with a minimum of friction, retreated hastily before any suggestion of Opposition disapproval.

First casualty in the Bill was the Government proposal to permit proxies of shareholders to speak at meetings of public companies. The Cohen Report had been quite unequivocal about this, but Lord Swinton was able to convince the Lord Chancellor to the contrary in a very few minutes. In the Committee stage in the Commons the Solicitor-General accepted similar reasons for the rejection of the Cohen Report recommendations on proxies who were attacked by Mr. Brendan Bracken in terms which the Conservative Party prior to the war had reserved for those members of the Labour Party who are now Cabinet Ministers. "Professional Agitators!" he thundered—and the Government concurred.

More important, however, was the entire elimination from the Bill of six clauses (57–62) dealing with the disclosure of the true ownership of shares. This was accomplished without a shot being fired, on the broad grounds that the provisions of the Bill would be difficult to enforce. Furthermore it struck right to the root of the Bill, for one of the principal reasons for the appointment of the Cohen Committee in the first instance had been the widespread practice of persons being able to own shares in companies in the names of "nominees"—with the result that the general public were frequently unaware of the true owners of large undertakings, some of them—such as newspapers—exercising a profound effect on public opinion. The six clauses in the original Bill, modelled on the Cohen Committee recommendations, went a long way towards securing a disclosure of beneficial ownership of shares—but their deletion was accomplished for the very reasons which the Committee had repudiated. "We recognise," runs the Report, "that our proposal affords no absolute guarantee that the information will be available in all cases where the Statute requires it; but we attach importance, from the practical standpoint, to creating a situation in which those who deliberately disregard the provisions of the Statute will, if and when their default is detected, be put upon their defence and start that defence under a handicap that will certainly be severe. We feel also that the existence of this provision will be effective in many cases in which, if the provision were omitted, those concerned will see no danger in concealing their identity, and thus be deprived of any incentive to resist the temptation." This advice was not followed.

Individuals may still, therefore, control companies without the embarrassment of disclosure of their identity—safe in the knowledge that, though the Board of Trade has powers to investigate ownership in undefined circumstances, there is no automatic disclosure to the public of the results of such investigations.

Even before its submission to the Lords the Bill had fundamental defects. For many years now the trades union movement has been fighting for the removal of the exemption of private limited companies from the obligation of filing their accounts with their annual returns to the Registrar of Companies. Lord Citrine and George Isaacs had both given evidence to this effect to the Cohen Committee in support of a T.U.C. memorandum asking for the removal of this privilege. And though the Cohen Committee, of Coalition composition, expressed the view that the private company—subject to certain further limitations—should still maintain secrecy in regard to its accounts, there was no reason why a Labour Government should take this view.

The Solicitor-General, using the "widows and orphans" argument invariably used by the Opposition when compensation of property rights is under discussion, stoutly maintained in committee the right of the "small butcher round the corner" to keep his accounts to himself, regretting that the legal impossibility of distinguishing between the small and the large private company meant that large commercial and industrial companies would at the same time remain exempt.

No one would suggest that a Labour Government, or Parliament, should automatically accede to the representations of the T.U.C.—even on a matter of this kind. But it so happens that this question of the disclosure of properly informative accounts is a fundamental issue for the Labour Movement. It rests on the Socialist conception that those who have a very large part indeed in the production of the profits of any business—the workpeople, the technicians and the managers—have as much right as the shareholders to know the financial result of their endeavours. At a time when joint production committees are being encouraged, when the workers are being induced to take a more intimate productive interest in the 80 per cent. of industry and commerce remaining in private hands, there is a good case for making the publication of accounts to workpeople on an ever wider scale by posting them up on the wall of a factory, office or workshop. At least it should have been possible for trade union representatives to be able to have access to them on the files of the Registrar of Companies in London and Edinburgh. Yet the Government has preferred the creation of an "exempt private company."

An unimaginative approach and a whiff of grapeshot from the Second Chamber has resulted in the interests of one important section of the community being practically overlooked, that is, the broad mass of the working population.

DONALD BRUCE

## THE LAST EQUATION

[$E=mc^2$, with E standing for energy expressed in ergs, m the mass in grams, and c the speed of light in centimetres per second.]

The final truth is stated
With certitude emphatic,
All doubt is dissipated,
Truth fully demonstrated
In symbols mathematic.
Man reaches his ambition,
The confines of cognition,
The cosmic secret's bared,
And here's the proposition—
$E=mc^2$.

Old truths were formulated
In precepts enigmatic
When minds most elevated
On Thou Art That debated,
And Know Thyself (Socratic),
Nirvana's inanition,
Newtonian exposition—
The wise these truths have aired,
They had no intuition
$E=mc^2$.

Old truths were overrated,
New truth is axiomatic—
Monads disintegrated
And force with mass equated;
To order physiocratic
All minds must give submission,
This is the last addition,
The rest can all be spared,
The rest is superstition—
$E=mc^2$.

We head for demolition
With lightning expedition,
Prepared or unprepared,
All ends in nuclear fission,
$E=mc^2$.

SAGITTARIUS

# The Arts and Entertainment

## OPERA PROSPECTS

### I—*The Three Theatres.*

In 1930, when I spent a few weeks in Berlin, nothing astonished me so much as the spectacle of three opera-houses simultaneously in action; and nothing, I am sure, would have surprised me more than to be told that London, which at that time had no permanent opera-house at all, would have three of its own by 1947—not to mention the prospect of a fourth next spring, if the rumours of a Beecham season should materialise. But the resemblance between London now and Berlin then is purely quantitative; the moment we take quality of performance and variety of repertoire into account, a gulf appears and the question arises: is it really either prudent or profitable to dissipate our resources in this way, and to run the risk of satiating a public as yet barely accustomed to the notion of opera as a regular feature of the London landscape? To this question, whether we look at it from the aesthetic or the commercial point of view, I think only one honest answer is possible: it is not at all prudent, it is folly. Desirable as competition in the arts may be, competition on this scale, and with so little of the necessary raw material to go round, invites disaster. I sincerely hope that the event may disprove the implied prophecy; in any case, since even Cassandra doubtless permitted herself to hold views on current Trojan tactics, a glance at the operatic battlefield as it now appears may be allowable.

First, Covent Garden. Here six ambitious new productions have been staged in six months; ensemble and orchestra have been generally good, the chorus fine, and the designs (a welcome novelty) entrusted to artists of some repute, though not yet to any of quite the first rank. But one defect has so far outweighed all these qualities: with a few exceptions, the solo singing has been sadly inadequate. I notice a tendency in some quarters to resent any such criticism, very much as Dr. Summerskill, on that memorable occasion, resented criticism of Government mouse-trap: as though to give us anything better might be "pandering to acquired taste." Opera itself being notoriously an acquired taste, the fallacy in this attitude ought to be rather more obvious in the operatic world than in the world of cheese. And yet the impression persists that the authorities at Covent Garden are curiously indifferent to the actual sound made by the human voice; and curiously unaware of where to look for the best English singers.

Meanwhile Sadler's Wells has been carrying on under an ever-increasing load of difficulties, among them the difficulty of getting there by bus during the rush hour, the public's indifference to novelties, and the more than adequate supply of *Bohèmes, Toscas* and *Barbers* elsewhere. The worst problem of all is that English singers don't yet think of opera as a remunerative whole-time occupation; the principals of both Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden are continually travelling up and down the country to fill concert and oratorio engagements, with results absolutely fatal to concentration and good work. If first-rate coaches existed at either theatre, their efforts would still be hampered by these impossible conditions. No real progress will be made until the two theatres are united under one management which has the money and the taste to assemble into a single large company *all* the best artists in the country, to use them indifferently at either theatre and to pay them on a scale which makes it possible to insist on complete control of their outside engagements. Even then it will still be both necessary and desirable to import a certain amount of foreign talent—a point upon which the Cambridge Theatre can supply some interesting evidence.

Both Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells enjoy subsidies, though not of a size which would be considered adequate abroad. In this respect, as in so many others, the Cambridge occupies an isolated position. It is a purely private enterprise; unless you count the usual tax remission, it doesn't receive a penny of the public's money; and it presents Italian operas, with one exception in the original language, and with mixed casts of British and continental singers. It must be said that Mr. Pomeroy's bold experiment has worked remarkably well, and that his *Théâtre Demi-Italien* has earned the gratitude of London music-lovers; if the *Don Giovanni, Falstaff* and *Traviata* which he has promised us for next season prove to be as well cast and produced as his *Don Pasquale* and his *Rigoletto,* he need fear no rivals. He began well by surrounding himself with talent drawn from pre-war Glyndebourne; his staff has shown real flair in unearthing new English (and particularly Scottish) talent; and his young discoveries, though not all as brilliant as Martin Lawrence (who was found playing Demon King in provincial pantomime), have wonderfully benefited from association with such old hands as Stabile and Rothmüller—not to mention Carl Ebert, whose production of *Rigoletto,* as was to be expected, has proved to be of a different order from anything visible at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells.

Mr. Pomeroy has also announced his intention of opening a London school of opera; and though no details have been made available, the mere announcement indicates that he is well aware of the hopelessly inadequate operatic training available to our young singers. But the repercussions of his activities have already travelled far beyond Seven Dials. For one thing, the Cambridge Theatre repertoire (which so far consists for the most part of well-tried favourites) tends to cut the ground from under the feet of Sadler's Wells; for another, the fact that it can be given successfully in Italian raises once more one of the eternal problems of opera: whether it is better to perform it in translation or in the original. I shall return to this controversial point next week.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

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## RADIO NOTES

*Athalie* (Postscript). In a "producer's edition" which sets out in minutest detail, alongside the text, his own *mise en scène* of *Phèdre,* M. Jean-Louis Barrault has some remarks of the first interest on the subject of the dramatic monologue (or recitative, as he calls it). I translate: "The recitative is the principal obstacle which the actor has to surmount, since he can feel the necessity of it—can, shall I say? *discover* it—only if he himself manages to reach a second state of being—the lyrical state . . . There is a modern machine which gives a good idea of the recitative: I mean the aeroplane, at the moment of "taking-off." The machine starts along the runway, its engines reach their maximum effort, the plane gives a series of frantic jumps on the uneven ground . . . It suffers a kind of crisis of vitality and agitation. Then, suddenly, we notice with surprise a strange calm come over it. It seems to be still on the ground, but no longer to be moving—as though it had abandoned its exertions on attaining a dead point or neutral stall . . . But soon we perceive that the plane has left us and is rising. It has taken-off. Now it climbs more steeply and soars away. The recitative has begun." This image of what happens when a great actor or actress settles down into, say, "Ay, every inch a king," or one of Racine's vast narrative speeches, seems to me a brilliant invention; for to take full account of it should, I think, enable many a competent actor to bring off effects that are produced instinctively by

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the very few men and women of genius who grace our stage. In radio, for instance, the appropriate use of a musical background to speech heralds to the listener, the moment of "taking off," and should help to induce that lyrical state in the speaker.

*The Case for Prose.* This series has the admirable aim of obliterating the unreal distinction, to which conventionally minded English people cling, between poetry and prose. In spite of the Authorised Version, in spite of the meditations of Traherne and the sermons of Donne and Jeremy Taylor, in spite of De Quincey's rhapsodies, Pater's eloquence, Ruskin's cloud-capp'd impressionism—but I need not insist further here, except to urge those who still imagine that poetry means verse and nothing but verse, to listen to these programmes, which have made a very good beginning. Mr. Basil Taylor's speaking of poetic prose is worth hearing for its own sake.

*Anna Karenina.* The great nineteenth-century novel, with its fluid construction and large scope, adapts itself much more comfortably to radio than the more economically contrived stage play, all artificial climaxes, curtains, and foreshortenings. The serial form, moreover, leaves plenty of room for the gradual building up of character in scenes which have no other dramatic point. Mr. Oldfield Box is, of course, an adept: he knows better than to waste magnificent material in merely getting on with the plot, or to misinterpret a great novel by presenting it as a series of *coups de théâtre*. Serial thrillers are another matter and they are always with us. In adaptations of Dickens, Trollope and Tolstoy, it is the unfolding of character, week by week, that fascinates and makes us look forward. And here the actor is faced by an unusual task: he must take a very long view of his part, play safe, pull his punches, and generally forestall his own future. *Anna Karenina* has started well. We must try to keep our Thursday evenings free . . .

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## THE MOVIES

**"Don Quixote," at the Everyman.**

**"Dear Ruth," at the Plaza.**

**"Time Out of Mind," at the Odeon.**

In the decade since I last saw *Don Quixote* I had forgotten its scurvy treatment of the Cervantes story. I remembered only its pictorial beauty. It was never a good film for all the talent Pabst spent on its direction. But, to-day, it would be better shown without a sound-track as an example of superb photography. Perhaps Pabst was mercifully unaware how crude the English dialogue sounded declaimed by Chaliapine in the accents of an émigré choreographer, squeezed out of the massive Robey or twittered by ham Continental actors. Obviously, Chaliapine and Robey were chosen mainly because they looked like the Knight of the Mournful Countenance and his vulgar squire. But the story is so mutilated that nothing is really left of the central characters, let alone the multitude of minor figures that flit through its labyrinthine plot. True, some of the elements are there—the tilt at the windmills, the battle with the sheep, Sancho tossed in the blanket. But this version is enough to turn anyone away from reading Cervantes himself. It might serve as an excellent example of how not to treat a literary classic, and may have deterred later producers from making another attempt to translate Cervantes to the screen. Pabst made a brave try, but he could not put so much odd material to a good account.

*Dear Ruth* is a witty piece of sentimental nonsense. Hollywood does this sort of thing well and I imagine the suburban audiences will love it. Little sister writes to a lonely airman in big sister's name. Such letters! Full of Burns and Wordsworth. Airman turns up in New York en route for the Pacific. But big sister is about to be married to the boss at the bank. Will she be swept off her feet? Of course she will—sixty-five minutes later. Full of confidence about the end, the stalls can revel in her indecision.

Is *Time Out of Mind* the last of the concerto epics? I hope so. They have had a good run. This seems like a *réprise* of the whole series. Mist-wrapped houses in Maine, the trip to Paris on the servant's savings, sea-dog father broken hearted because "Chris is not a sailing man." But through a drunken blear and a servant's devotion, the notes of the New England symphony come fluting across the waves to the New York concert hall. At last the proud wife is humbled and the true lovers smile over the French horn. Are there more musical masterpieces waiting in the queue? NORMAN MACKENZIE

## THE THEATRE

### "Men Without Shadows" and "The Respectable Prostitute," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The Lyric steams with a damp heat; there is a atmosphere of incipient claustrophobia; the theatre sways as the tube trains hum past; the inhabitants of the stalls are bowed down by a weight of *angst*, the members of the gallery have not yet given up the long struggle with Kierkegaard, Miss Rita Hayworth is in the audience—and it is a Sartre first night.

*Huïs Clos* was horrifying and also devilishly ingenious, but the present double bill seems to lack any positive virtue. *Men Without Shadows* presents the crises in the lives of a handful of guilt-ridden French resistance supporters, the moment when each becomes most himself, in facing physical agony to preserve a secret and the spiritual freedom of each individual into the bargain. Each desperately needs a logical reason for endurance, a solid fact for which to suffer—and when one is suddenly provided, nobody is very much better off, for inner conviction has become petrified. This is all interesting enough, but wherever the dialogue shows signs of flagging the dramatist has provided long passages of torture, sadism and death on-stage, together with rape and a final minor massacre off-stage.

The play's prolonged crisis thus becomes no more than a matter of torn-out finger-nails and battered wrists. The imagination is dulled to a state of passive resentment, and one becomes totally incapable of feeling sympathy with the unhappy beings crawling between earth and heaven in M. Sartre's limbo of pain and self-questioning. Sensational realism is rarely tragic. A film like *Open City* succeeds so superbly partly because the physical agonies are carefully edited and related to more tremendous and more grandly terrible emotions. Sartre's sufferers are dead already—dead in heart but unburied—and when at last they somewhat unwillingly accept life, it is still death they meet instead. It all seems sadly like the case of the ungrammatical lady who fell into the sea and cried, "I will drown and nobody shall save me." An unpleasing play on the whole, fine in brief snatches, memorable in fragmentary phrases, dry as desert dust, heartless, and painful with the ignoble pain of a nagging toothache. "O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!" The trouble is that M. Sartre allows no glory, no martyrdom and no human gods; however, we get a good selection of dead limbs.

Mr. Peter Brook has arranged his animals to every possible advantage in their squalid cage and has lavished formidable ingenuity on the strange delights of the Gestapo. The male roles are abominably well acted by an intelligent cast, and Miss Mary Morris plays the only woman with her own particular brand of magnificent glumness.

*The Respectable* (why so?) *Prostitute* seems simply a regrettable lapse in taste. It concerns an important and complex question—the colour-bar—treated in the coarsened, simplified style of a caricature that is more malicious than witty. In spite of one of Miss Betty Ann Davies's grating, harshly clever *tours de force*, the whole thing dies a lingering death before our eyes. Throughout the evening one feels convinced that producer and casts could not have dealt better with the material. But when is M. Sartre going to abandon the never-a-dull-moment one-act shocker and give us a full-length play with some strength and dramatic invention?

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## Company Meetings

## "SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

ANNUAL MEETING

THE annual general meeting of the "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on Monday, July 21st, in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, said that his statement on the past year's operations had been circulated with the report and accounts. Since it was prepared the need for making available the largest possible quantity of all their products had become more and more pronounced and the group companies were continuing to bend their every effort to that end. He then moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a final dividend for the year 1946 on the Ordinary Capital of 1s. per £1 unit, free of income tax, making 1s. 6d. for the year.

Sir Robert Waley Cohen, K.B.E., seconded the resolution, which was carried.

SHAREHOLDERS' TRIBUTE

The Viscount Marchwood, proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, management and staff, said that shareholders appreciated the splendid results which had been achieved in the past year, which had not been an easy one either for the "Shell" group or for any other combination in the world. The detailed survey which the chairman had circulated gave them an inkling of the responsibilities which rested on the shoulders of the board. With an organisation of this magnitude, spread all over the world, with ground and aviation facilities, the world upheaval of the past seven or eight years might easily have damaged the structure of their group, but that had not taken place. Losses there had undoubtedly been, but the speed and efficiency with which many of these had been replaced was a remarkable achievement which could only have been accomplished by co-operation, efficiency, loyalty and drive.

Mr. L. S. Sedgwick Rough seconded the vote of thanks and it was unanimously accorded

The chairman, in acknowledgment, said that it was true that they were passing through a very anxious time, but the fact that they had the body of shareholders firmly behind them gave the board courage to face the future and prepare the great plans which were the matter of almost daily consideration. He was glad that the management and staff of the group had been included in this vote of thanks, because upon them also rested a very heavy burden. Speaking from personal knowledge, he could say that they were a wonderful team of loyal, experienced and hard-working people, and there was very good reason why they should be proud of them.

One asset of great value which did not appear in their balance sheet was tradition. That could not be built up over-night. For many years there had been a sorting out of men and the applying of them to the jobs for which they were best suited. As a result they had built up what was probably the most loyal and efficient of staffs.

The group had been built on the foundation of fine tradition, and the board regarded it not only as a money-making concern—which it was and of which they had no need to be ashamed—but also as an enterprise performing a great service to the Commonwealth and indeed to the whole world, of which they might also rightly be proud. It had been the life work of many of them, and in these days when tradition and great enterprise were often frowned upon, he thought it only right that he should remind his hearers of those things.

## WELWYN GARDEN CITY LIMITED

SIZE OF THE TOWN.

THE Twenty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of Welwyn Garden City Limited was held on Wednesday, July 23rd, 1947, at the Holborn Restaurant, 218, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Sir Theodore G. Chambers, K.B.E., F.S.I., Chairman of the Company, who presided, said for 27 years we have set our minds on the production of a satisfactory, self-sufficient town of 50,000 people and detailed plans have been steadily prepared for attainment of this objective.

A year ago I informed shareholders that we were becoming increasingly anxious at the prolonged delays in securing general agreement to our broad plans for the ultimate town and I expressed the hope that a helpful decision would be reached by all parties in a few weeks. Unfortunately, discussions and committees multiplied until finally the matter came before the Minister of Town and Country Planning himself, who, at the beginning of this year, made the request that the final size of the town should be limited to only 36,500 inhabitants.

The land to complete the town is available and the Local Authority and the Company have between them the full organisation to carry it to completion with the minimum of delay. Having regard to our main objectives in building Welwyn Garden City, one would have thought that it was impossible to go too fast, subject merely to the limitations of the community's capacity to absorb new population. I feel very strongly that it would reveal wisdom and statesmanship on the part of those in authority if every encouragement and assistance could be afforded us to reach our goal in the shortest possible time.

The report was adopted.

# Correspondence

## HOW TO MEET THE CRISIS

SIR,—Mr. Aidan Crawley's sombre article on "How to Meet the Crisis" deserves much praise but I fear it may mislead your readers if it is not corrected in certain particulars.

First, it is not enough to say that we are living at the rate of £500 millions a year or more above our income. That is merely the figure (more or less) of our current deficit on international trading account. But our money demands at home exceed our supply of goods and services by a far greater figure. This is what economists call "the inflationary gap." I do not see the Planning Board's figures but I would estimate it at around £1,000 millions a year at least.

Secondly, Mr. Crawley's homily on how to raise production is quite unrealistic. In fact, production can be raised in a variety of ways—by increasing the labour force (e.g., bringing women back into industry), by everyone working harder, e.g., 5½ days a week instead of 5 "with a bit of overtime thrown in" as Ernest Bevin says, by re-equipping industry with new plant in order to raise output per man-hour, by putting all the unemployed to work (e.g., in the development areas), by transferring labour from non-productive enterprise to productive, by old people deferring their retirement from work, by more efficient transport and handling of goods, by the avoidance of the "bottle-necks" which make for interrupted production and by more skilful industrial management and administration. Immediately, the most important of these measures is the avoidance of the "bottle-neck" of fuel and power, i.e., more coal production. But the easing of the inflationary pressure which causes other "bottle-necks" is almost next in importance.

To single out one of these measures to the exclusion of the rest, as Mr. Crawley does, is very misleading. And to suggest that we cannot ask the Trade Unions for harder work and longer hours unless the managers set a good example by limiting their salaries to £2,000 a year is fantastic. A manager who can improve the layout of production and quicken the turn-round of goods, i.e., improve efficiency and reduce costs, is worth £10,000 a year to the State to-day and the Trade Union leaders should have the courage to tell their members precisely why this is so under present conditions of our "mixed" economy. Old-fashioned egalitarianism may be the death of modern Socialism.

Finally (this is not for Mr. Crawley) let us stop trying to boost our morale by insulting the Americans, calling them money-lenders and blaming them for our dollar shortage. It is the task of our statesmen to reach an understanding with the Americans on the basis of economic common sense and common safety—before it is too late. This calls, if not for a new loan agreement, for a new interpretation of the old.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

The Athenæum.

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SIR,—I should appreciate the opportunity to record an emphatic ditto to Mr. Crawley's article. In the last few years I have noticed a very few apologetic advocacies of the Capital Levy in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and *Tribune*, and little if any more enthusiasm for it displayed in the Communist Press. Yet it is patently the one most important remedy for the so-called (avoidable) crisis. Your older readers will recollect how Mr. Bonar Law paid lip service to it during the 1914-1918 war in order to keep the Labour members quiet, how it was a main plank of the Labour Programme in the 1922 and 1923 elections, how Lord Keynes described it ("A Tract on Monetary Reform" (1923), p. 65) as "the scientific expedient. . . . It is the rational, the deliberate method." They will also recollect how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald buried it in a Royal Commission and Mr. Churchill put the finishing touches on the process by returning to the Gold Standard, thus making inevitable the General Strike, miners' lock-outs and over twenty million unemployed man-years between 1926 and 1936. We are moving along precisely the same road now—steady and partially controlled inflation of prices combined with rapid inflation of investment values and over-generous compensation for nationalised property. Hardly a week goes by without companies issuing additional share capital at ten, twenty and thirty times the original price. Mr. Dalton's increased stamp duties on share transfers are a mere flea-bite which do less than nothing to halt the process. The internal burden of debt interest must eventually destroy the prospects of our export trade. Mr. Dalton congratulates himself on interest rate reduction to 2½ per cent., but forgets that the capital of the interest bearing debt obligation increases more rapidly than the reduction in interest and so more than cancels it out. Mr. Crawley's proposal for a ceiling for salaries is absolutely sound.

The net result of present trends unchecked is that the rich are becoming richer with assured legal protection for their increased wealth, while the workers are being shackled to produce the increased interest, profits and salaries and are consequently becoming relatively poorer. The case for a capital levy to reduce our national mortgage debts and prior charges, to save our export market from collapse and to help towards equalising the burden at home is unanswerable.

WALTER SCOBELL

Kingswell, Nr. Bath.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—In May and June of this year I spent seven weeks in the United States. I travelled by car through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. I went with the deliberate intention of meeting the American "man in the street"; for this reason I avoided lecturing and literary circles so far as possible, stayed in motor camps, and ate in small town restaurants or Greyhound bus stations. I bought a newspaper or two in every town or village where I stayed, and took every opportunity of getting into conversation with ordinary Americans.

Throughout this tour I did not happen to hear one word of criticism of Britain. Many people asked, "Is England going Communist?" This question was always asked courteously and from a genuine desire for information, and not from animosity. There was universal sympathy amongst the common people for us in regard to rationing—"Gee, it's been tough for you. We're mighty sorry." In working-class circles, as at one factory on strike at Louisville, Ind., there was admiration and envy of us in regard to our administration—"You folks over there are doing all right. You've got a Labour Government." Further, during this tour I did not happen to see one editorial article in an American paper decrying Britain, or in any way hostile to us.

I am aware, of course, that all this may be fortuitous; I may have been lucky. But I must record the impression for what it is worth; that is, of intense goodwill towards Britain. I did not expect this from a study of the British Press at home. I expected to find myself on the defensive in regard to many aspects of my country's policy. I found, instead, something very like a chorus of praise.

In the first few days of my visit my American publisher assured me that if Britain should require another Loan, of any amount, the American public would certainly grant it. At the time I discounted this as mere politeness to a visitor. Having travelled through the country, I now believe that it is true. Any such negotiations would be the subject of a formal battle between Democrats and Republicans, of course. But in the end the matter would be resolved in our favour, because the American people are wholeheartedly for us.

On our part, we have to study whether in our commentaries and leading articles we are being quite fair to our friends. Americans have other qualities besides kindliness towards Britain; they have their

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own interests and their own problems. In the bad temper bred of weariness and shortages and rationing it is easy for us to pick on aspects of their policy which we do not like, and high light them. It is a pity if, in dealing with these controversial matters, we neglect to emphasise the intense good will that exists in America towards this country. **Nevil Shute Norway**

Pond Head,
Hayling Island.

## BALKAN COMMISSION

Sir,—Being one of the few people in this country who has read the Report of the Security Council's Inquiry Commission in the Balkans, I find rather startling the way in which practically the whole Press suggests that the whole Commission (bar Poles and Russians) finds Albania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia guilty of aiding the Greek guerrillas.

In fact, only six out of eleven States give unqualified support to the thesis that, although the Liaison Representatives of Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria " repeatedly denied " the Greek " charges, and attacked the credibility of the witnesses who testified in their support, little direct evidence was brought forward to disprove them."

Two States, Belgium and Colombia, said it was not for the Commission " to give any decision as to the possible responsibility " of the three accused States; France said the conditions of the inquiry " were not, probably, such as to allow us to draw from it any conclusions based on sound juridical principles "; and Poland and U.S.S.R. washed their hands of the majority report.

When I turned to the Commission's examination of the first batch of evidence, Greece's claim that Albania aided the guerillas, I found the following: Greece called 14 witnesses. The Albanian representative was able to show that ten of these contradicted their own evidence, and two of the ten confessed that this was because their first deposition was forced out of them by the Greek authorities. Two of the Greek witnesses were suspicious characters (one being denounced by his own two brothers, and the other being sought by the Albanian police for robbing the Bank of Albania). A third of the Greek witnesses had fought, it was stated, on the side of the enemy during the war.

It is quite clear that no court of law would accept such conflicting evidence, and evidence from such disreputable sources. A reading of this evidence can only confirm the French view that the conclusions cannot be based on " sound juridical principles." It is a pity that when six States accept such evidence and five reject it, or at least do not accept it, the affair should be broadcast to the world as the verdict of a Security Council Commission. **Pat Sloan**

## THE LAW OF LIBEL

Sir,—However delighted we are at the recent judicial vindication of the film critic's right to criticise, the facts of the case illustrate once more the anachronism of our law of defamation. It is now such a risky business to draw the attention of an official body to the alleged misconduct of their staff that nobody but a mammoth financial corporation can dare take the risk. More than likely the Court will decide that a qualified privilege does in fact cover such a complaint but even to be a successful defendant in a libel action is a " privilege " shunned by all but the rich.

When a public body receives a complaint it should be its legal duty to submit it to some independent judicial investigation. If it fails to do so, then it should be held that impliedly the body has republished the libel and has acted with malice such as to defeat any plea of privilege. And the plaintiff should be entitled to join the public body as a co-defendant. Unless there is some such modification to the Common Law to meet the needs of a society in which public bodies are the rule not the exception (or unless we are to have a special Administrative Law as in France) the two following anomalies will remain:

(1) The film critic will continue to be without real redress, because there are no means of ensuring that the B.B.C. or newspaper will not forever " banish" the critic.

(2) No one will be able to risk complaining of the prejudiced reports submitted by, say, a Town Planning Consultant. **"Another Socialist Lawyer"**

## THE CASE OF W. J. BROWN

Sir,—"Phineas Tertius," in his comment on the recent Parliamentary debate on the Report of the Committee of Privileges, says:

"Late in the debate Ungoed-Thomas revealed that the resolution of the Newcastle Branch of the Union demanding that Mr. Brown be pensioned off had already been withdrawn before Brown raised it as the grounds of a *prima facie* breach of privilege."

May I make it plain that this resolution was never raised by me as the grounds of a *prima facie* breach of Privilege? What I raised as a *prima facie* breach of Privilege was a series of events which I thought constituted improper pressure on a Member, and which culminated in Resolutions put down by the Executive Committee for the Annual Conference Agenda.

Nor is it the case that the Newcastle resolution had been withdrawn at the time I saw Mr. Speaker. I saw him on 21st March. The Executive Committee did not meet to deal with the Newcastle resolution and other matters until the 24th of March—three days later. Nor was the Newcastle resolution ever withdrawn. It was ruled out of order by the Executive Committee.

Otherwise, Mr. Ungoed-Thomas's "revelation" may stand. **W. J. Brown**

House of Commons.

## A.I.D.

Sir,—In an enlightened article on Artificial Insemination, Kingsley Martin stated that on the only two tests that matter—increase of love and happiness—A.I.D. passes with flying colours; yet earlier he stated that unmarried women are refused A.I.D.

Now why is the happiness of a childless wife considered to be of so much more importance than that of an unmarried woman, whose maternal instinct is doubtless equally thwarted? Why is it that an unmarried woman who understandably squanders her affection on a dog is universally regarded with derision, while a childless wife who is apparently not prepared to give more than a minimum of affection to her husband is petted and pampered until her chances of becoming a useful citizen practically vanish?

Childlessness is certainly a misfortune, but surely it is one which has to be accepted, as poverty and hunger and ill-health have to be accepted. A normal amount of courage and determination should enable a couple to rise above it together, and if they can't it doesn't say much for their love. Besides, if the really important point is the child, and not the woman's sometimes glamourised attitude towards bearing it, then surely an adoption which would rescue some child from an institution or worse, would more than meet the case? **Frances Howell**

## HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF?

Sir,—"We are of the opinion that hidden forces have been at work in Europe, especially in Paris, and have been responsible for the prolongation of the terrible conflict with Russia. We also feel very strongly that these reactionary forces have been endeavouring to manoeuvre the diplomatic position to make Russia appear in the wrong the whole time, so as to find an excuse to declare war with all the forces of the allies against her."

Mr. Bevin added, continues *The Times* report (the date is August 10th, 1920), that every force of this Government, and France particularly, had been used to block her out from the rest of the world. They felt very strongly that, while France had been our ally, we had on too many occasions allowed her to be the master of our policy. " We are satisfied of this," he added, " and we have no hesitation in putting our cards on the table." **" Old and True "**

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

St. Helena or Nuremberg? Posterity will be better equipped than ourselves to determine the more efficient method of suppressing military nuisances. On purely literary grounds, St. Helena has much to recommend it. There is, it would seem, something so peculiarly edifying in the spectacle of fallen greatness as to raise a frenzy of "gurnalising" in the most improbable breast; and since we have today lost our opportunity for studying the habits in captivity of that very strange creature, the great man, we can hardly do better than turn for a moment to those other voluminous chronicles which, more than a century ago now, made publishers happy and brought tears to the eyes of sentimental young ladies and the occupants of Holland House.

They were many: rarely has so much been written about so little. Every inhabitant of St. Helena who was in the least degree literate (except the unhappy Sir Hudson Lowe, who was precluded by his office from doing so), wrote a book, or at any rate kept a journal. Like Prospero's, the isle was full of voices: Warden's, O'Meara's, Las Cases', Montholon's, Gourgaud's, Antommarchi's—but the roll is tedious and may well end with the lisp of Miss Betsy Balcombe. Oddly enough, the greatest charm of these voices, nowadays, resides in their extreme unreliability: each is engaged vociferously in stating a case, and lying just as largely and loftily as suits that case. The result is that we read vigilantly, sensitively, skirting as best we may the smooth, delusive shoals of propaganda designed to engulf (and convince) us. It is an exhilarating progress, combining the pleasures of sober history with the meretricious joys of detective-fiction.

For no one in his senses now reads these contemporary memoirs to get at the facts: if we want these we cannot do better than go to Lord Rosebery's masterly summing-up: *Napoleon: The Last Phase,* and leave it at that. Yet it may well be that in doing so we shall lose something of value. In these cumbersome and often so mendacious chronicles there is not seldom to be found a quality which, however repugnant it may be to the scholar, is both grateful and comforting to the general reader: the quality of heat, of intensity. Perhaps it is insufficiently remembered that none of these memorialists of St. Helena was in any sense a professional writer. Eminently ordinary men and women, they were constrained to take up their pens, partly no doubt because there was a great deal of money to be had by so doing, but partly also because they felt that for once in their undisinguished lives they had, by the purest chance, come into contact with something epic, something tremendous. "I was there," they seem to say, portentously astonished that they were: and suddenly through their gullible eyes and the medium of their cantankerous pens you see the whole tragic, tortured, preposterous little group in clear miniature perspective, as if through the wrong end of a pair of field-glasses.

There are, in particular, two English publications which Rosebery, in his role of historian, no doubt quite rightly deemed "worthless," but which, for all the irresponsible partisanship of one, and the sheer frivolity of the other, still make excellent reading: Dr. Barry O'Meara's and Miss Betsy Balcombe's. O'Meara's was much the earlier. His *Voice from St. Helena,* in two substantial quartos of well over a thousand pages, was published in 1822 and was an immediate success. Its author must have been exceptionally talented. He had been the British naval surgeon on board the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon had given himself up at Rochefort; and when the question arose of sending a medical man to the island, the French had themselves offered him the post. In a very short time, the irresistible atmosphere of St. Helena impinging on the Celtic temperament had converted him into one of the most ardent members of the anti-Lowe faction. It is to be feared that simple snobbery played a part in this conversion: after all, it is not given to every naval surgeon to have his ear playfully tweaked by the victor of Marengo!

But once one has accepted O'Meara as a raging and historically quite unreliable partisan, how entertaining his book is. Even Rosebery, who characterises him in this damning fashion: "He was the confidential servant of Napoleon; unknown to Napoleon, he was the confidential agent of Lowe; and behind both their backs he was the confidential informant of the British Government"; even Rosebery cannot but admit to the "spirited flow, the vivid interest of his dialogues." And, indeed, it is a little difficult to believe, however low a view we may take of O'Meara's probity, that he was capable of fabricating the endless stream of opinion and reminiscence which he represents as falling from the lips of the Emperor. After all, it *is* easier to jot down actual conversations than to make them up, and when the matter is not controversial—an important proviso—it seems to me that his dialogues are more likely than not to be substantially accurate.

Whether this be the case or not, however, the dialogues—which are really monologues—remain; and are distinguished by an immediacy and verve which, outside of Boswell, is rare in English. Napoleon's subject-matter is naturally very different from that of Johnson. For one thing, he talked endlessly about the past: of what would have happened, for example, if Fox had not died in 1806, if winter had arrived later at Moscow, or Grouchy earlier at Waterloo. But wishful retrospection—that notable solace of great men in their decline—is only half the story. His range was immense. Personalities, for instance: Mme. de Stäel, who would "throw her friends in the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have the opportunity of saving them"; Murat, who was "like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved"; Villeneuve, who "much grieved at his defeat" at Trafalgar, "bought some anatomical plates of the heart," with the assistance of which he committed suicide "with a large pin," being "found dead with the pin in his breast and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound." "He need not have done it," the Emperor concludes, blandly.

His contempt for the old regime was unbounded. He repeats the story of his interview with a young German who had attempted to assassinate him at Schöenbrunn: "I inquired of him why he did not kill the Emperor of Austria instead of me, as he was the cause of the war. He replied, 'Oh, he is a blockhead, and if he were killed, another like him would be put on the throne; but if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another'." He recalls the great meeting at Tilsit: "Alexander and the King of Prussia used frequently to occupy themselves in contriving dresses for dragoons; debating upon what button the cross of the order ought to be hung, and other fooleries. They fancied themselves on an equality with the best generals in Europe, because they knew how many rows of buttons there were upon a dragoon's jacket." His fund of humour is, indeed, laudable, considering the austerity of his situation; witness his absurd anecdote about Talleyrand's illiterate wife who, when she met Denon, the famous traveller (having previously heard of no traveller other than Robinson Crusoe), naturally assumed he was that celebrated figure, and spent the evening questioning him about his man, Friday. And what could be more to the point than his commendation of the English income-tax on the grounds that everyone complained of it, showing that everyone paid it; or his story of the Dey of Algiers who, when he learnt that a force was being sent to burn down his capital, informed the French that, for half the cost of their expedition, he would be happy to set fire to the city himself.

Through every adversity his curiosity remains unbounded: a machine for making ice is delivered at Longwood and he insists on an immediate demonstration, eliciting the strange fact that, whereas it will freeze water, it fails to do the same with lemonade: a visitor lands on the island who has seen the Grand Lama; and it is at once of the first importance that he be presented to the Emperor, who wishes to be informed on every particular concerning his fellow-potentate. The traveller appears, and the reader receives something of a shock since it is none other than Manning, that curious correspondent who elicited from Lamb the best of all his letters. There is an interesting cross-reference here: Lamb writing to Manning on the Boxing Day of 1815 thus refers to the Exile of St. Helena: "What an event in the solitude of the seas! Like finding a fish's bone at the top of Plinlimmon."

Quite the oddest feature of the whole business is the fashion in which Napoleon follows with a keen vigilance the wayward course of British policy. He might well, indeed, be an elder statesman in retirement, eagerly awaiting the summons back to the saddle: our saddle. Some of his remarks have a familiar ring nowadays:

> He then spoke about the distress prevailing in England: "You have done wonders," said he; "you have effected impossibilities, I may say; I think that England, encumbered with a national debt, which will take forty years of peace and commerce to pay off, may be compared to a man who has drunk large quantities of brandy to give him courage and strength; but afterwards weakened by the stimulus which had imparted energy for the moment, he totters and finally falls; his powers entirely exhausted by the unnatural means used to excite them."

Happily, England's resistance to large draughts of brandy was greater than the Emperor had imagined.

There could be no wider contrast than to turn to Miss Betsy Balcombe's gawky, genteel and grotesquely punctuated narrative. Miss Betsy, whose *Recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena* did not appear until 1844, when she had become Mrs. Abell and, as she admits, remarkably hard-up, had been the fifteen-year-old tom-boy daughter of Balcombe, the purveyor, whose house, *The Briars,* Napoleon had occupied while Longwood was being prepared for his reception. Mrs. Abell, who by the time she produced her book had obviously grown into one of the most feather-headed of her sex, must, even in 1815, have been something uncommonly like a fool. The gambollings of this fool with the conqueror of the greater part of Europe have a certain dreadful charm. She plays blindman's buff with him; nearly drives the deferential Las Cases insane by pushing his revered sovereign down a steep bank or attacking him with his own sword. Napoleon, in return, grows excessively Latin and retaliates by stealing her new ball-dress, a confection decorated with pink rose-buds. The best incident, perhaps, in this foolish yet rather endearing book is the affair of the cow which, comic in itself, is rendered doubly comic by the noble behaviour of Gourgaud—note the delicious parenthesis:

> One evening Napoleon strolled out accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the Emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and, drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming, "This is the second time I have saved the Emperor's life."

Yes, I am afraid Rosebery is right: a worthless book! Then one wonders: "The earliest idea I had of Napoleon," says Miss Betsy, "was that of a huge ogre, with one large, flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls." After all, perhaps any record that shows us an ogre in captivity is useful in restoring our sense of perspective. It may be that our own ogres are still too near for us to see them clearly, though it is indeed difficult to believe that any of them would have evinced, even in custody, the charm of the Corsican. This is a sterner world. There will, we fear, be no more St. Helenas. Memoir writers will be the worse off.

Morchard Bishop

## THE UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATOR

**The Nascent Mind of Shelley.** By A. M. D. HUGHES. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

Few of those who write about Shelley treat him primarily as a poet. Prof. Hughes calls him without question "the supreme lyrist of our tongue"; yet no line of argument in his book leads up to this tremendous conclusion, nor does he even say directly which poems he thinks supreme. Shelley is himself, of course, partly responsible for the way his critics treat him: he gave little concentrated thought to problems of expression, language, style and all the methods of poetry. On his own theory the term "poetry" could cover much else besides creative literature. Few artists of his stature have said less about the difficulties of their medium; and few men so interested in philosophy, so acute even in philosophical argument, have seemed less disturbed by the logical problems of language.

Prof. Hughes's book is in the main another study of Shelley's metaphysics, religion, ethics and politics. In order to demonstrate the growth of his ideas, it includes a detailed biography up to the Spring of 1813, the time of *Queen Mab*. The book makes jerky reading; the car moves on through air-pockets of awkward rhetoric; around its way innumerable influences roll and countless sources are diffused, "an ever-varying glory." The journey is uncomfortable but rewarding. What is one shown at its end?

> "Shelley died," says the guide, "a troubled spirit, in the midst of unheaval, in a defiant faith and wild and pining hopes .... He dreams a young man's dream. And in an age awakening to intimations of a spiritual immanence alike in Man and Nature he is among the writers most conscious of it. Nothing in English poetry is quite like the little lyrics that distil his melancholy each in a handful of notes and blend him with the life of things, or his repossession of the fancy—or more than fancy—that made the primal myths and bore the seed of all idealisms. The denizens of his earth and heaven are a host of Shelleys."

But what the guide points out is not always what the tourist best sees; and by some curious accident of arrangement I saw at the end of this journey a Shelley who was primarily a man of action. Mr. Blunden has lately done all that can be done to bring the young farmer to life and kill the ineffectual angel; and here he gets unexpected support. For poetry was to Shelley a form of action, and he took to it because he found it was the form of action he was best at. Public speeches, pamphlets, literature dropped in "a woman's hood of a cloak," money spent on dykes and drainage, dinners with the Duke of Norfolk had proved ineffectual indeed; but something had to be done and done at once. It is the restless urge to achieve, to influence, to convince that strikes out from Prof. Hughes's demonstration of the dates and fluctuations and inconsistencies of Shelley's philosophical ideas. The aim is certainly to make "the denizens of his earth a host of Shelleys." But how can they now respond?

All Shelley's poetry is in some sense or degree didactic; even the ending of the *Ode to the West Wind* begs the wind to be the "trumpet of a prophecy." The proper status for the reader of didactic poetry is to be a pupil, willing and convinced or not, as one is with Lucretius. But the reader of Shelley is forced, by the style and drive and method to identify himself with the poet. The effect is an experience, not a doctrine, communicated. Shelley's success or failure in any poem is to be measured by the extent to which the essential experience is accessible. And in nearly every case the experience *includes* the desire to convince others of its validity for them. Shelley is always insistently personal, even when detachment is his theme. That is why Prof. Hughes is right to link the ideas to the life; but he gives the external events in more circumstantial detail than is necessary to stress the psychological peculiarities in Shelley's personal relationships.

Bradley said of Wordsworth (and by implication also of Shelley) that his natural religion was "more profoundly expressed in his descriptions of his experience than in his attempts to formulate it." The attempts at formulation are not properly philosophy so much as an inferior kind of imaginative literature. The great terms "Intellectual Beauty," "Liberty," "Spirit of Nature," and, most of all, "Love," which Shelley used to describe ultimate and perfect Being, have immense emotive power, but, unless the context of the poem limits and controls the emotions they awaken, each reader is at the mercy of his own associations. A knowledge of the historical background and sources of these terms may lead to the acceptance of a faith in natural mysticism of the kind that Shelley himself was trying to formulate; but the substance of such a faith is not to be found in Shelley alone, nor, as Prof. Hughes points out, did he reach a formulation which satisfied himself. The perfect literature of "The One" is exquisite, harmonious silence. There never was a less silent poet than Shelley.

> Teach me half the gladness
> That thy brain must know,
> Such harmonious madness
> From my lips would flow
> The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

The desire was to become ever more vocal, to convince even more hearers.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

## INTELLIGENT MURDER

**Minute for Murder.** By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

**What Happened at Hazelwood.** By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

**Puzzle for Fiends.** By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

**A Man Called Jones.** By JULIAN SYMONS. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

**Ladies in Crime.** Edited by ELLERY QUEEN. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.

**The Assassins.** By HILDEGARDE and DARWIN TEILHET. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Every one reads detective stories—at least that would be a safe assumption for a writer of detection. And the safest method of appealing to the general public is flattery. Why, then, these constant insults to the level of our intelligence? For that is what most detective stories boil down to. They may play up to our desire for power and our yearnings for infallibility; they may gratify our passion for speed (look at the long bonnets of the motor-cars) or our personal vanity (look at the wine-lists and the Havana cigars); they may even purge us of our sense of guilt, as many optimists suggest. But they practically never admit that the reader may be the intellectual equal of the author. Of course, many of the authors, not having much intelligence themselves, are busy bolstering up their own vanity by despising the public. But there are plenty of highly intelligent men and women on the detective path, who don't seem able to construct a plot without feeling a wave of condescension for the poor trash who are doomed to be taken in by it. Perhaps they cannot purge themselves of a sense of guilt for writing detective stories at all, when they ought to be producing genuine works of art. At any rate when an intelligent author does decide for some reason or other to write up to his own standard, and not to the assumed low taste of the public, the result is spectacular. The first three books of the late Willard Wright ("S.S. Van Dine") were written in that style, and made him a fortune. Later he couldn't resist the temptation to scorn the people who bought his books; so he fell back into the hackneyed rut.

*Minute for Murder* is the eighth of Nicholas Blake's novels but the first to show his full capacity in this *genre*. For once his remarkable talents have been directed to the implications of his plot, and not merely to imposing on the credulity of his readers. His detective, Nigel Strangeways, ceases to pose as a leisurely superman and deigns to be an ordinary human being, busily employed to all appearance in the Ministry of Information, where the murder takes place. Why should anyone want to drop cyanide into the coffee of the dazzling blonde secretary, who looks "like a damned great carnivorous orchid"? Seven persons had the opportunity; so who had the motive? This time you need not be afraid your intelligence will be underrated. On the contrary it will be put to a severe test. Nicholas Blake faces the fact that motives for murder actually must vary with the characters of murderers; but he accepts his obligations to the reader like a man. All the characters of the potential murderers are presented in a brilliant sequence; he keeps nothing up his sleeve; every card lies face up on the table. Yet what a problem! *Minute for Murder*, if it doesn't purge your soul of guilt, ought to purge Nicholas Blake's for all the faults of its predecessors. May he always write his detection in future with the same courage and receive our universal praise!

After such an intellectual feast as *Minute for Murder* the shabbiness of the normal ration is all too manifest. Michael Innes may be a Professor of English in disguise but *What Happened at Hazelwood* would never win him a Chair of Detection. I suppose we should be grateful that it is not a surrealist thriller, and that Inspector Appleby is off duty. At Hazelwood a disreputable baronet gets knocked on the head in the library, when his house is full of equally disreputable relatives. The trouble is that the one-eyed butler had a good squint round the library and could see nobody there. The detective solves the mystery by listening to Gilbert and Sullivan; but the reader will do better to remember *Hamlet, Revenge*.

The latest Patrick Quentin in the Peter Duluth series relies on the erotic stimulus to sustain your interest. *Puzzle for Fiends* opens with Peter Duluth lying in a strange bed, with a lost memory and a heavy plaster cast on his leg, while an intoxicating Californian blonde smiles at him. "I'm your wife, Gordy. You don't remember me, do you?" The question is will Peter manage to ease that cast off his leg and get the benefit of this matrimonial status, before the inevitable murder switches his libido. Of course not! What would Iris say, when he snaps out of it? Very slick and professional, like all Patrick Quentins, but hardly human.

*A Man Called Jones* is a riddle of identity. After careful premeditation "Jones" kills the boss of a London advertising agency and his son. Which member of the staff could have rigged himself up as Jones? After all the pains the author takes to mislead you, he deserves to succeed. But the plot carries the stigma of the amateur. Whoever Jones may be he has no right to expect such outrageous help from Providence as Mr. Symons allows him.

*Ladies in Crime* is an Ellery Queen anthology of short stories, illustrating the achievements in fiction of female detectives and criminals. The ladies don't come out of it very well; at a pinch they might lull you to sleep.

The Teilhet thriller makes full use of its exotic setting in post-war China; where a noble young American has to undergo some hair-raising experiences at the hands of *The Assassins* before he feels worthy of his wife's love. Knight-errantry up to date. But there are bursts of excitement which may atone for the steady drip of sentimentality.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## THE MARSHALL "PLAN" AND BRITAIN

**Report on Britain and World Trade.** P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning). 18s.

It is more often implied than openly suggested by "liberal" economists, and the P.E.P. Report is not an exception, that the difference between the two opposing schools of thought of international economic reconstruction in this country was that the one wanted an orderly world system and a code of international conduct while the critics of this dominant opinion insisted on bilateral bargains which reduced imports to the exact level of exports and refused all limitation on "national sovereignty" in commercial matters. This suggestion is a farcical travesty of facts. The critics merely insisted that the attempt at restoring the free market mechanism will prove a failure; that multilateralism and convertibility in the situation which would probably emerge after the war will increase restrictions and not cause expansion; that the Bretton Woods Fund and Bank were pitiably insufficient to bridge the balance of payment deficiencies likely to develop; that it was a delusion to hope much from the "scarce currency" clause; and that, finally, the I.T.O. will thrust Britain into an insupportable position, defenceless between a powerful U.S. export drive and the counter-measures of the poorer countries. They also insisted that the U.S. loan would not prove an adequate counterweight to the new and even more onerous burdens imposed by the Anglo-U.S. Agreement.

It is simply untrue that a reluctant British Administration was forced into the acceptance of all these fateful commitments. Most of the rules and conditions were elaborated by British experts hag-ridden by fallacious economic theories. One of the clearest of proofs of this fact is the complete innocence displayed in the defence of the settlement which is characteristic of the P.E.P. Report, as of most other similar contributions in this country. The Report starts with the analysis of the changed position of Britain. It then asks whether a cut in imports is possible without deleterious effects on our standard of life and investigates the possibility of increasing our exports. Finally, it attempts to analyse the effects of a U.S. slump on Britain.

There is, however, no investigation of the implications of unilateral convertibility of currencies to this country; the quantitative relationship between the quotas of the probable surplus and deficiency areas is not investigated to form judgment of the sufficiency of the scarce currency clause; there is no attempt to analyse the consequences of the one-sided escape clauses of the I.T.O. on British exports. There seems to be no realisation that the change in the character of our exports recommended by the Report will render this country much more vulnerable to U.S. competition and instability.

The reiteration that we cannot cut our imports considerably and must therefore increase our exports does not help much. It is no use to say that multilateralism is the best way of increasing aggregate world trade, and our share in that trade, when it is quite clear that a badly working multilateral system *generalises deflation and such general deflationary pressure is already in evidence.* The measures advocated by P.E.P. to "boost" exports, advertising, the establishment of a Government trading corporation and appeals for "co-operation" will hardly be sufficient in these circumstances, especially as State trading is sharply discriminated against by the proposed I.T.O. Charter. Without some reciprocity and planning, both of which are outlawed by these instruments, Britain is most unlikely to be able to balance her accounts. Nor is it very useful to disregard the main cause of our present discomfiture, the huge Government expenditure abroad, by assuming (p. 61) that it will not be more than £20 million and that total repayments of our foreign obligations after 1951 will demand only £100 millions. If the transfer of these payments was planned we could easily pay more. If we are to rely on "free" markets even £100 millions (which is just about equal to Germany's payments on the basis of the Dawes Plan) is crippling.

When P.E.P. warns solemnly of a possible U.S. slump and demands that "plans should be ready" in order to meet it, one wonders how these plans are to be put into operation. To expect that the Fund will declare the dollar scarce as soon as a deflationary pressure starts is wishful dreaming which has no relation to facts. It would take 2½—4 years after a slump has started for the dollars in the Fund to become exhausted. Nor can we immediately gain by that measure. Alternative supplies cannot be produced by a sleight-of-hand. Nor will producers outside the United States be enthusiastic to supply us if they fear the recommencement of U.S. pressure once the scarce currency clause has ceased to apply.

The verdict on Lord Keynes' prediction of a continued abundance of dollars, so confidently published last year and quoted by P.E.P., has already been given by events. The judgment on the attempt to base post-war economic reconstruction on the nineteenth-century political unit by indiscriminatory multilateralism and unconditional convertibility has by implication been given by General Marshall. With that verdict economists in this country should hasten gratefully to agree.

The British Government, however, will, it is to be hoped, use this last opportunity to evolve, with U.S. help, a development plan for Europe and its overseas dependencies which will recreate European prosperity. This aim can only be achieved by a determined expansion of agricultural and raw material production to secure cheap imports, and by an increase in industrial productivity in Europe. Tentative steps towards the first aim have already been taken by the establishment of the Colonial Development Corporation. The second demands the introduction of mass production and standardisation which depends on the creation of large *regional* rather than *national* markets. THOMAS BALOGH

## THE CATALANS

**The Spirit of Catalonia** By J. TRUETA. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Catalans are one of those small peoples who have a grudge against history. By race, culture, language and temperament they were intended to be the southern province of a *langue d'oc* speaking nation, stretching from a little short of the Loire to Nice and Tarragona. But the Albigensian war and the treaties that followed it extended the rule of the French kings to the Pyrenees, and the Catalans were left to face the fact that geographically they belonged to the Iberian Peninsula. However, for a time fate was kind to them. They built up a brilliant position for themselves in the Mediterranean, conquering Greece from the Byzantines and occupying Southern Italy and Sicily. Then the Turkish fleets destroyed their trade and the heavy hand of Castile fell on them. Too stubborn and energetic to yield, they came gradually to think of themselves as a civilised modern people held down by a lethargic feudal state.

In this book Dr. Trueta, the famous surgeon, has written an excellent introduction to Catalan history and culture. He brings out well, I think, the intellectual adventurousness and love of novelty of the Catalan mind and its power of combining practical common sense with extravagance and fantasy. In politics they are an explosive people with a strong liberal-democratic orientation. But he has said little about their art. This is a pity, because one of the greatest contributions the Catalans have made to European culture lies in this direction. Their medieval painting is of remarkable beauty from the tenth century on and their modern painting is distinguished. As for architecture, their wide-vaulted churches show that early Gothic could produce really great and satisfying works of art, unspoiled by the Northern mania for altitude.

I have only one fault to find with Dr. Trueta's

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book, and that is that he gives the reader the impression that the Balearic Islands and Valencia are outlying parts of Catalonia because they were taken by the Catalans from the Moors eight hundred years ago and speak a dialect of the Catalan language. By the same rule Dublin is English. Nor does his map of the "national stocks in the Spanish State" mean what it says: if anything, it is an out-of-date language map. These minor exaggerations apart, I recommend this book to anyone who wishes to learn something of an interesting and friendly people. I would add that Catalonia is an excellent country to take one's holiday in.

GERALD BRENAN

**The Lost Treasures of London.** By WILLIAM KENT. *Phoenix House.* 12*s.*

This book provides useful information about London buildings and their contents that were destroyed by air-raids. The style is chatty, and the author seems strangely uninterested in some of the most regrettable losses. Nothing is said, for instance, about the damage to the Regent's Park terraces, to the splendid Adam houses in Fitzroy Square or to Bedford Row, which was perhaps the best surviving example of a street from the time of Congreve. Mr. Kent finds space, however, to include in his account of a bombed church the fact that in 1887, when its vicar was found dead in a forest near Ballachulish, "his body was carried on a plank to Kinloch."

**The Web of Government.** By R. M. MACIVER. *Macmillan.* 1947. 21*s.*

From beyond the Atlantic comes a re-statement of the essence and implications of Government for which this tormented generation has waited all too long. In this book which he calls significantly *The Web of Government*, Professor MacIver gathers the rich fruits of sustained thought and experience. This volume not only integrates his earlier works on *Community*, *Society* and *The Modern State*, it supersedes them. It is difficult, if not impossible, within the space of a short review to do justice to a book which analyses in four parts the emergence of Government, the bases of Authority, the forms of Government, and its transformations, while a fifth discusses some conclusions on the theory of Government. Professor MacIver combines the historical with the sociological approach; he is equally at home with anthropology, with child psychology and with the governmental structures of Western and Eastern nations throughout the ages. He realises that these structures are deeply embedded in what he describes as "community and value systems," and he expounds them with ease and precision; he also throws new light on some of the great masters of political science—such as Bodin, Hobbes and Rousseau.

The case for "the ways of democracy" has in recent years hardly been put with more vigour and reasoned conviction. Not that Professor MacIver is unaware of the dangers that democracy faces to-day: "It is true that this consensus may under some conditions be manipulated, that the people may be played upon and grossly deceived for a time, that they may be victims of the mass emotions that now have a greater opportunity for expression than ever before. But certainly the instance of the broad democratic demand is inherent in the nature of our civilisation." One may perhaps find Professor MacIver's belief in the myth of democracy a little too optimistic, but to challenge this belief on *his* level will be no easy task.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**JANACEK**: *Sinfonietta* (Czech Philharmonic Orch., cond. Kubelik, H.M.V. C3573–5). The Sinfonietta is one of the last works of a most interesting composer. At first this music is difficult to seize—perhaps because it is so compressed; but a noble imagination underlies the rather crude surface and yields itself to patient examination. The scoring is in places boisterous, in the *al fresco* manner, but has been recorded with notable care and success; and the performance is, we must suppose, as authentic as possible.

**BEETHOVEN**: *Third Symphony* ("Eroica") (London Philharmonic Orch., cond. De Sabata, Decca K1507–13). A very odd issue indeed. De Sabata takes the opening Allegro so extremely lethargically that Beethoven's indication, "con brio," is imperceptible. There is some finely controlled playing in the Funeral March and the Finale; elsewhere the music does not come alive at all, and a good recording cannot conceal the feebleness of this most eccentric performance. I find it hard to understand how Decca can have brought themselves to issue the set at all.

**SHOSTAKOVITCH**: *Sixth Symphony* (Pittsburgh Symphony Orch., cond. Fritz Reiner, Col. LX998–1002). The opening Largo of this symphony (an extended piece lasting nearly twenty minutes) may well seem to many people the finest, most original and deeply felt movement this enigmatic composer has yet given us. Why he chose to follow it up with two pieces of unrelenting bustle is difficult to see: the three together do not make a symphony in any accepted sense. But the Scherzo, with its distant echoes of Mahler, and the amusing Burlesca which concludes the work, are not uninteresting, and have moments of delicate and vigorous beauty. I strongly recommend readers to buy this set, particularly for the sake of the Largo, of which they are not likely to tire. The recording has the virtues and vices of all recent American Columbia issues: daring realism of instrumental timbre; excellent balance, clarity and resonance; not quite enough bass; and a violin tone which, in fortissimo, lacerates. The fill-up, Kabalevsky's overture to the opera, *Colas Breugnon*, is a very jolly piece.

**MOZART**: *Horn Concerto No. 2 in E flat* (Dennis Brain with Philharmonia Orch., cond. Süsskind, Col. DX1365–6). Less interesting than the other two horn concertos of Mozart already issued. The family resemblance is close and pleasing enough in all three cases (there exist four of these concertos), but here one feels that Mozart was not concerned to do more than turn out—somewhat perfunctorily—an effective "vehicle" for a virtuoso. The performance and recording are on a high level of excellence.

**RACHMANINOFF**: *Concerto No. 2 in C minor* (Eileen Joyce, with London Philharmonic Orch., cond. Leinsdorf, Decca K1545–9). A very capable performance on all counts. There is nothing left to explore in this concerto, but if played tastefully and with adequate dexterity, it can no more fail than a "costume" film with James Mason in the leading part. Unfortunately for this performance the engineering is not an efficient piece of work: the balance is poor, so that the orchestra smothers the piano in the concertante sections; the piano tone is edgy, the quality on the whole cloudy and lacking in definition.

**BERLIOZ**: *Beatrice and Benedict—Overture* (National Symphony Orchestra, cond. Malcolm Sargent, Decca K1416). A bright and witty performance, but again the recording is below Decca's highest level. Harsh outlines and a metallic string tone. The old Hallé recording, conducted by Hamilton Harty, still possesses most of the qualities in which this one is lacking.

**VERDI**: *I Vespri Siciliani—Overture* (Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome, cond. De Sabata, H.M.V. DB6444). A superb record in every respect. Although *The Sicilian Vespers* has never been one of Verdi's most popular operas (like *Don Carlos*, it was written for Paris), the overture is genuinely dramatic and contains one of those glaring tunes which would have been so dreadful if anybody else had tried to write them. The recording misses nothing, and is consistently beautiful in tone.

**STRAUSS**: *Der Rosenkavalier Suite*; **WAGNER**: *Lohengrin*: *Prelude to Act III* (Hallé Orch., cond.

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JOHN LEHMANN

Barbirolli, H.M.V. C3556-8). Not recommended. Deprived of the voice parts, things like the Presentation of the Rose in Act II, and the Trio in Act III, lose more than half their magic. The orchestration of this suite is said to have been revised by the composer; this appears to mean "thinned out in places," but the result is not noticeably an improvement, and the recording is very unpleasant. The blatant Prelude to Act III of Lohengrin fares no better.

**Fauré**: *Pavane* (Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus cond. Sargent. Col. DX1369). A very successful recording of a lovely and pathetic piece. Particular attention is called to the inclusion of the choral parts (so often omitted), which add, as it were, a third dimension to the little work. As a musical *genre* picture of exquisite delicacy, it has few rivals.

**Tchaikovsky**: *Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suite* (B.B.C. Theatre Orch., cond. Stanford Robinson. Decca K1524-5.).

**Gounod**: *Faust Ballet Music* (National Symphony Orch., cond. Fistoulari. Decca K1339-40).

**Délibes**: *Sylvia Ballet Music* (B.B.C. Theatre Orch., cond. Stanford Robinson. Decca K1364-5).

**Délibes**: *Coppélia Ballet Music* (Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Lambert. Col. DX1371-2).

Of all these ballet suites *Faust* and *Coppélia* come off best in recording. *The Sleeping Beauty* perhaps least well. In the latter case the excerpts are not all the same as those in the excellent Columbia set conducted by Constant Lambert, nor is the performance as completely in style. The Délibes issues will certainly be popular for the charm of the music alone, but the recording is far from being of the best. The heavy tutti are muddy and the tone quality deteriorates very badly towards the centre of the disc.

**Mozart**: *Quartet in D minor* (K421) (Hungarian String Quartet. H.M.V. DB6445-7). A definite improvement on the Blech set, which was good in its day but cannot compare with this recording for brilliance and energy of performance, and for smoothness of disc surface. Sometimes I feel that the Hungarian Quartet might introduce a little more grace and feeling into the delineation of a theme (the Blech Quartet never errs in this way); but in point of ensemble and of individual technique these players never let us down.

**Brahms**: *Third Violin Sonata in D minor, op.* 108. (Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin. H.M.V. DB6441-3). A very welcome issue. This is one of Brahms' most masculine works, quite untouched by the moral priggishness which taints some of his music. The performance might be more elegant (one recalls the Kochansky-Rubinstein issue with some regret), but it is a true duo and the piano part is given its full value in the recording.

**Franck**: *Chorale No.* 3 *in A minor* (Fernando Germani. H.M.V. C3580-1). Probably the best recording of a solo organ yet made. No blast, no puffing and blowing, none of the noisy confusion we have come to associate with "full organ" on records. Partly this is owing to the beautiful taste and discretion of Signor Germani's registering; but the engineers must also be praised for a recording feat which cannot have been at all easy. The piece itself is not quite the best Franck: the fantasia section at the beginning is the cathedral organist improvising in a mood of distraction. The later sections are altogether finer and make the piece worth a closer acquaintance.

**Beethoven**: *Sonata in C minor, op.* 13 ("Pathétique") (Eileen Joyce. Decca K1553-5). As in the Rachmaninoff Concerto, Miss Joyce here gives a very competent performance, on the academic side, but thoroughly musicianly and without straining after drama. The recording is rather dead. Several sets of this sonata are available, of which I should still put Edwin Fischer's first.

**Moussorgsky**: *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Moiseiwitsch. H.M.V. C3765-9). Compared with Schumann's *Carnaval*, of which it is presumably an offshoot, this suite seems rather clumsy. Indeed, much of it is so deplorably unpianistic that the two orchestral versions (by Ravel and Sir Henry Wood) are usually preferred to the original. It is therefore a matter for congratulation that Moiseiwitsch should have succeeded so remarkably in this performance, which has a breadth and virtuosity—and on occasion a delicacy—that place the work in a new light. The recording is extremely good, with plenty of resonance and a true piano tone throughout.

**Mompou**: *Canzone e Danza;* **Albeniz**: *Malaguena* (Michelangeli. H.M.V. DA5432). Michelangeli is a pianist of formidable attainments, and it seems rather stupid that he should be introduced to the British gramophone public in two such insignificant little pieces as these. To be sure, he plays them inimitably. His pianissimo is marvellously sustained, his runs are beautifully even. But it all goes for very little, because the music, though pretty, is completely superficial. In the louder passages the notes have an unreal, twangy quality, which I suspect to be the fault, not of the recording, but of the piano itself.

**Bellini**: "Ah! non credea" (*Norma*); **Ponchielli**: "La madre mia" (*Lina*) (Margherita Carosio, with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Patanè. H.M.V. DB6388). If Signora Carosio had resisted an occasional temptation to squeal on a strong accent, and if the engineers had not overloaded on the high notes, this might have been an altogether delightful record. Even so, there is much pleasure to be got from the singer's cool, tranquil delivery of "Ah! non credea"; and the aria from *Lina*, although something of a hotch-potch, is so tuneful and effective that one wonders why this opera was such a failure on the stage.

**Rossini**: *Rondo* from "La Cenerentola" (Jennie Tourel with Metropolitan Opera Orch., cond. Cimara. Col. LX1003). Miss Jennie Tourel cannot make us forget Conchita Supervia in this role. She has not that delicious artist's complete command of the situation nor her coloratura technique nor her cheeky personality. But she has a beautiful flexible voice and is probably without a serious rival to-day, in a not very crowded field. The recording of this disc is particularly good, with a fine and mellow orchestral accompaniment.

**Grieg**: "Eros" and "Ein Traum" (Richard Tauber, with orch. Parl. RO20553). "Eros" is something of a curiosity. It suggests that Grieg might have written an *opera comique* of considerable distinction. To call it a song is an abuse of language: it is an aria. In any case it is romantically attractive, and so is the far better known "Ein Traum" (a true Lied, this). Herr Tauber sings both with fire and imagination and fine tone; but the climaxes are badly over-recorded. Nevertheless, amateurs of Grieg—and of Lieder in general—are advised not to ignore this disc, which is sure to give them a good deal of pleasure.

**Mozart**: "O Isis and Osiris" and "Within these Temple Walls" (*The Magic Flute*) (Oscar Natzka, with Royal Opera House Orch. and Chorus, cond. Rankl. Col. DX1370). Of course, Mr. Natzka has the makings of a very fine voice; but he will never stand comparison with the great basses of the past (e.g., Plançon) unless and until he achieves a more legato style and a greater variety of expression. The vocal line of these arias is a long one and *must* be sustained from one note to the next Sung as Mr. Natzka sings them, the phrases lose their solemn significance, become heavy, awkward and dull.

**Verdi**: "Credo" (*Otello*); "Eri tu" (*Un Ballo in Maschera*) (Paolo Silveri, with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Patanè. Col. DX1367). Unlike Mr. Natzka, Signor Silveri possesses a lower register of remarkable purity and well under control; it is his higher notes that impart a feeling of strain and discomfort. This matters less in the "Credo," which is in fact a fine rendering, shorn (thank goodness) of that final embarrassing burst of laughter. But in the lovely coda of "Eri tu," where the voice has to float serenely above a skeleton accompaniment, the singer seems unable to maintain a steady tone without forcing it. The result is singularly unhappy. A pity, since this is in other respects a good piece of recording.

Edward Sackville West

*No. 7. Ready August* 1

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# Week-end Competitions

## No 909

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for an expansion of any Edward Lear limerick into a Wordsworthian poem of 16 lines. Entries by August 5th.

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## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 906

**Set by Sebastian**

The usual prizes are offered for six entries from a conversational phrase-book for the use of foreigners visiting any one of the following: the English universities, Lords, the Royal Academy, the House of Commons, a holiday camp. Entries by August 5th.

**Report by Sebastian**

I hoped for those notes of romantic folly and unsolicited extravagance which occasionally marked the continental phrase book. L.E.J. hit it off in an excellent entry which had one superb line:

> "From where does one get the best view of Strabolgi?"

I have, alas, to disqualify him because I asked for Lords and not their lordships. I was disappointed to find competitors neat rather than effusive. Good single lines come from Alpha, Richard Pomfret, B.T., L. G. Udall, A.M.P., D. W. Barker and Tyntax, but the best sets were by Roland Bibby, S. A. Cooper, E. W. Fordham, Tallis, Hans, and J. C. B. Date, to whom I award a guinea each.

From a holiday camp phrase book:—

"Ho, ho, you are merry ones to fling me with my bed into the pool, ho, ho!"

"Do not mistake me for a wet blanket, ho, ho! I have risen and I am shining now!"

"Where are the exercisings, please—I want to lumber up, ho, ho!"

"Alas, I cannot stoop so low, ho, ho, ho! Oh, now I can—please to descend from my back, Mr. Joy-Leader. Ho."

"By jive, what a smashed breakfast, ho, ho, ho! Whizzing! Nothing is so jolly as a thousand campers munching to the sound of the big bass drum, ho, ho!"

"Look, look! A crocodile approaches, dancing ho, ho! How gay, it knocks me down and treads upon my spectacles, ho ho! Such camping is a pick-me-up, truly, ho, ho, ho!" **Roland Bibby**

From: "So You're Fleeing to England?" Underground Press, Dbrnje, 1949).

Jzenj and Mrva are being leaden by John and Mary to the Strangers Galore in the House of Commoners.

*Jzenj:* Were the Op-po-si-ti-on mem-bers ad-mit-ted by-cause they have se-cre-tive-ly brib-ben (cor-ro-ded) the po-li-cers?

*John:* No, in Eng-land all Mem-bers sit and talk free, and the po-li-cers just-ly di-rect the traf-fic-king on the street.

*Mrva:* I and that most cu-ri-ous (phe-no-me-nous) but un-du-bi-ous-ly I will be-come cos-tumed in it.

*Mary:* O-pine (con-si-der) you not, that the E-di-ble Mi-ni-ster is a per-fec-tive lamb (duck, deer)?

*Jzenj:* But the very wide (buck-some) lady ad-join-ed to us has as-se-ve-ra-ted (sayed) that he com-pul-ses every pe-o-ple to pe-rish from the hun-gri-ness.

*John:* That is by-cause she is a De-li-cate from the House-Wives League. **S. A. Cooper**

### AT LORDS

If you please, which lords (Peers) may I see here?

How, please, shall I protect (conceal) myself from the flying ball?

(*To the Policeman*): If you please, why do those gentlemen in white coats take so little part (share) (interest) in the game?

Is it then true, perhaps, that *all* English Clergymen are compelled (enforced) (required) to watch Oxford contesting against Cambridge?

Please explain (instruct me) why that large board says (notifies) "Wickets 8." I see (observe) (enumerate) only 2.

Are these many Policemen here to remove those batting-gentlemen who decline (refuse) to obey the judge (Referee)? **E. W. Fordham**

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

1.—Attendant! Where does Mr. Churchill hang

2.—This good picture is on the line. Why has not been skied?

3.—I have lost my husband (wife) in the Sculptur Hall. I think he (she) is studying a Nymph (Satyr).

4.—Are not these canvases too modern by a half?

5.—Be gone, Sir! I require no Cicerone, fo though I know nothing of painting, I do know wha I like.

6.—Pray show me the problem picture, the Princess, the exit. **"Tallis"**

### THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE LOBB

Are you an hon. Member, a Whip, a pressman Have you the ear of the Minister? No, but I hol the hand of his aunt.

### IN THE CHAMBER

The hon. (and gallant/learned) Member is out o order, beside the point, below the gangway. Serjean bring candles, an order paper and a hat.

### IN THE GALLERY

I wish to address the House—I regret, Sir, that i not allowed (*Note: not to be confused with* "aloud.") Please show me the way to the smoking room, to th Bar of the House, to the Strangers' Dining Room, t go home. **Hans**

### THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES

1.—What is the name of the so prominent buildin in the beautiful profile of the city? That is the abo to be enlarged gasometer.

2.—Where are the beer-gardens situated? Ther are no beer-gardens but at certain fixed times; i beer is available, all except students may obtain it a the public-houses.

3.—Where do the students keep their mistresses The students have no mistresses but they drink te with the female students at the French Club.

4.—Are not the students affected by the economi crisis? Those persons of so prosperous appearanc are not students but the employees of the neighbourin automobile factory.

5.—What is the time, if you please? As the bel has sounded one hundred and one times it is nin o'clock p.m. (two thousand one hundred hours).

6.—Whence may I best admire the beautiful sunse over the college buildings? To-day it is rainin (snowing, foggy) and the sunset will not be visible.

**J. C. B. Date**

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UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. A lecturer in Anthropology will be appointed from January 1, 1948. Initial stipend £250 with allowance of £250 to non-Fellows, £50 allowance for each dependent child, together with possible additional payments for extra teaching and a non-pensionable bonus addition. Further partics. can be obtained from Dr. G. B. Daniel, St. John's College, Cambridge, to whom eight copies of applics. and evidences of qualifics. should be sent by September 20, 1947.

OXFORD Univ. Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. The Delegacy intends to make 4 special admin. appointments, tenable either by men or women, at sals. between £400 and £600 p.a. Applics., together with the names of 3 refs., should be sent as soon as possible to Secretary, Extra-Mural Delegacy, Rewley Hse., Wellington Sq., Oxford, from whom partics. and applic. forms can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for post of Tutor in Social Studies. Sal. scale £500-£750; commencing sal. according to qualifics. and exp., with participation in F.S.S.U. & Family Allowances Scheme. Further partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. should be sent immediately.

THE Queen's University of Belfast. Applics. invited for the Lectureship in Geography in University. Sal. offered is £500-£625, rising by annual increments of £25 with possible extension to £800, but the point on sal. scale at which successful candidate is appointed will depend on his exp. and qualifics., with pension rights under F.S.S.U. Applics. to Richard H. Hunter, Secy., by Sept. 7. Assistantship in Geography: Applics. invited for an Assistantship in Geography. Sal. £300 to £350, rising by annual increments of £25, but the point on scale at which the successful candidate is appointed will depend on his qualifics. and exp. Applics. to Richard H. Hunter, Secy., as soon as possible.

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L.C.C. Reqd. in day schools for educationally sub-normal children in London, qualified Assistant Teachers (men or women). Burnham scale salary plus two increments carried beyond max. Applic. forms (stamped add. env. nec.) from Education Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable within 2 weeks of appearance of this advertisement. (2005.)

L.C.C. Reqd. at Mavis Hostel (for girls from 15 to 18 yrs.), Chelsea, S.W.3, resident Deputy Warden (woman) to assist Warden with domestic training and administration of hostel and do some cooking. Anticipated sal. £190-£220 plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms and further details from Education Officer (I.S.D./43), County Hall, S.E.1. (2128.)

THE Council of the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants invites applics. for the post of an Assistant Secretary. Person appointed will be required to supervise the administration of the Examinations, Applications and Educational Section of the Association's office organisation. Applicants should not be more than 40 years of age and pref. will be given to those who possess (a) a University Degree; (b) organising and administrative exp., and (c) ability to train and supervise staff. Details of these qualifics. must be given. Appointment is subject to a probation of one year during which the salary will be £750. On confirmation of appointment the salary will be on a scale commencing at £800 p.a. There is at present no pension scheme but the question of setting up a scheme is under consideration. Applics. in an envelope marked "Assistant Secretary," stating age, whether married or single, and full details of present appointment and past exp. to be sent to the Secretary of the Association, 22 Bedford Sq. London, W.C.1, by August 9.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

URWICK Orr & Partners, Ltd., have not yet been successful in finding candidates they req. for their consulting staff in the Control Division. Further, applics. invited from qualified accountants or secretaries who have had industrial or commercial exp., in addition to some yrs. of professional career and who have an understanding of use of accounting procedures as a tool of management. A good basic education is essential and desirable age range is 32-40 yrs. Successful candidates must be prepared to spend several months continuously resident in different parts of country (apart from week-ends). High level of remuneration commensurate with responsibility entailed. Applics., giving details of qualifics. and career to date, should be submitted in writing to Company's offices at 7 Park Lane, W.1.

DIRECTOR of Research to an Educational publishing house specialising in modern teaching materials. The department is responsible for collecting historical and contemporary illustrations and statistics on a world-wide basis. Applicants (men only) should possess B.A. (Hons.) General Arts and Economics. Languages an asset. Previous exp. not essential. Max. age 35. Comm. salary £500-£550 plus exps. Write, stating full qualifics., age and exp. with two refs. Box 8516.

THE Mullard Radio Valve Co. req. a Senior Radio Valve Development Engineer, degree in Electrical Engineering or Physics essential. Exp. in valve development and valve application desirable. Sal. will be in accordance with Company's scale based on age, qualifics. and exp. Applics. in first instance should be in writing addressed to Works Personnel Officer, Mullard Radio Valve Co., New Rd. Mitcham Junction, Surrey. Please quote ref. "R.a."

WANTED, Sept. or Jan., Teacher children 5-8 years, Nursery Prep. Day School, N. Lancs coast. Excellent accom., suit widow, child, or 2 adults. Box 7929.

ST. MARY'S Town & Country School requires Sept.: At Stanford Park, nr. Rugby (boarding school) Senior English Master, experienced Froebel teacher, qualified matron; at 38 Eton Ave., N.W.3 (day school), experienced Froebel teacher, Senior Master to teach General subjects. Games, carpentry an asset.

REQUIRED in Sept. for Recognised Girls Prep. School—happy, progressive atmosphere—South coast easy reach London, two resident Froebel mistresses for children aged 7½ to 10½, usual subjects, special interest in Nature Study or Art and Handwork. Revised Burnham scale. Apply: Principal, Portsdown Lodge School, Cooden Beach, Sussex.

WORKERS' Educational Assocn. Applics. invited for post of District Secretary, North of Scotland (Aberdeen). Sal. £500, rising to £600. Further partics. and applic. forms from W.E.A., 24 Adelphi, Aberdeen.

NATIONAL Council of Labour Colleges has vacancies for an Organiser at £380 p.a. and a full-time tutor at £328 p.a. In special circumstances there will be an addtl. away-from-home allowance of 25s. p.w. for a limited period. Applicants should possess a kndge. of the Working Class Movement and should be able to lecture competently on N.C.L.C. subjects and should possess organising ability. Apply: J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., Natl. Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MATERNITY Clerk reqd. by Middlesex County Council at North Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. Exp. sht.-typ. Knowld. of hospital work and medical terms an advantage. Sal., accg. to age, from £180 at 21 to £250 p.a. at 25, plus any tempy. bonus (now £60 p.a.). Unestablished. Applic., stating age, quals., exp., with copies of up to 3 testimonials, to Medical Director, immediately. No forms. (Quote C126 N.S.).

TRADE Union Organiser, male, reqd., North of England. Initiative, good personality and public speaking ability requisite qualifics. Salary in range £250-£400 plus cost-of-living allowance. Applic. form on request to Assistant Gen Sec., The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St. S.W.1.

APPLICS. invited for expd. man or woman Club Leader (Church of England) for Open Mixed Youth Club. Possibility of living accom. Assistant Leader may also be needed. Applics. to Warden, Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 131 Kennington Rd. Lambeth. S.E.11.

OPPORTUNITY exists for Free-lance Journalist for an Educational publishing house specialising in modern teaching materials. Post involves assignments on contemporary social economic and industrial subjects jointly with photographers. Applicants (men only) should write, stating full qualifics., age and exp., with two refs. Box 8517.

TIME and Talents Settlement require a Children's Club Leader with secretarial experience, in the autumn. Non-residential post with scope for experiment and ideas. Salary according to exp. Apply to Organising Secretary, 187 Bermondsey St. London, S.E.1.

PART-TIME man leader wanted September three or four evenings per week for Youth Club and Boys' Club at St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.2. Apply Head.

MOTHER'S Help reqd. Fond of cooking, light housework and young children. Willing go abroad with family Oct. Box 7958.

### Appointments Wanted

WOMAN M.A., literary and theological training, sks. employment. Box 7798.

WOMAN Graduate, 28, first-class English Honours, French, Latin, Philosophy, Psychology, interests Art, Politics, Theatre, seeks post London. Box 7800.

FORTHRIGHT Job requiring tact, ingenuity and humour wanted by ex-F.A.A. Pilot, aged 31; good organising ability, used to responsibility; Camb. grad. (Hons.). Some pre- and post-war business experience. Box 7891.

### Appointments Wanted—continued

EDUCATED Lady, long experience export, wide gen. knowledge, Engl., Germ., some French, Span., sks. respons. (not nec. commercial), post pref. nr. coast, country, Dominions. Many interests. Box 7926.

LADY (26), 2 yrs. relief work, wide exp. Vol. work, Elec. Engineering trng. Good organiser, seeks interesting job. Chance of service. Pref. Welfare. Box 7828.

YOUTH of 17, progressive, grammar school education, requires employment in any capacity in newspaper or publishing office to gain experience in journalism. Box 7835.

YOUNG lady reqs. interesting post in Nursery class/school or private house. Qual. R.M.T.C. and Scottish diplomas. Box 7839.

YOUNG man, single, fit, educated, adaptable, must earn £500-£1,000, and quickly. Doesn't greatly care how. Box 7903.

EXPERIENCED Warden of Agri. Hostel, previously farming, sks. interesting respons. post where her past exp. useful. Box 7912.

WOMAN, middle 30's, capable, good appearance, sks. interesting post. Box 7954.

YOUNG Teacher. Expd. A.R.C.M. Seeks governess post in British Zone of Germany. Arrowsmith, Cotehill Vicarage, Carlisle.

### Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

FURN. priv. bed-sit. room (single) to let, 3 mins. Tube. Belsize Ave. PRI. 5795.

DORSET Chambers. Beaut. equip. service rooms, all mod. conven., central. 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. BAY. 1665.

TO let, August 10 to Sept. 14, furnished flat four rooms, Hampstead. Resident cook housekeeper. Full service. 9gns. per wk. inclusive. Refs. Box 8467.

GAVESTON Hall School, Nuthurst, nr. Horsham, Sussex, delightful country, farm produce, offers accom. for small group or house party of 30 persons, Aug. 9 to Sept. 6. Kitchen staff provided. Apply The Bursar (Lower Beeding 384).

A FEW holidaymakers (incl. children) accepted on large Shropshire estate. BM/DPXF, London, W.C.1.

LADY requires unfurn. accommodation, 4 rooms, bath, kitch., S.W. district pref. Would accept 2 paying guests appreciating comforts, good cooking, cleanliness. Box 7866.

MARRIED couple with baby urgently need living accommodation, town or country. Privacy is all that is asked. Box 7856.

### Schools

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

ENGLISH Home-School in Alps, children fr. 4 yrs.: Javelle, Salvan, Switzerland.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford. 50 boys and girls 6-13, boarding and day. Quaker ideas; trained Staff. Bedales and County Scholarships won 1947. (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish. B.A. Hons., A.R.C.M. Essendon 341.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

MOFFATS, Bewdley, Worcs., Boys 7-14, will shortly have vacancies. 200 acres, Riding, Home Farm, Jersey Milk. Rec. Min. of Ed.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School: 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed., 5-18, Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Boys between 4 and 14 years. A sound educational preparation for Public and County Secondary School is given in ideal surroundings. Miss Stookes, National Froebel Union.

### Readers Market

FOR Sale: Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, 2 Vols., 1835-1836: offers; Geographical Magazine (English), complete from first number 1935, £20; German Linguaphone records, completely new, with instructional text books, 9*gns.*; House-trained male Siamese kitten, 4*gns.*; Imperial Portable Typewriter, hardly used, £16; Continental Noiseless Typewriter, good condition, full English keyboard plus German characters, £30; Indian Rug, 7 × 4ft., blue with embroidered sprays, absolutely new, £18; 200-250v A.C./D.C. carbon-arc Sun Lamp, infra-red and ultra-violet, as new, £4; Kobler electric razor, Swiss make, as new, £7; Parker "51," £4; 18ct. Swiss Chronometer Wrist Watch, perfect condition, £25; Grandfather Clock, over 120 years, painted dial, seen London, offers; Hammond Organ, £1,500, Model A, Sound Cabinet D; 1937 Austin Seven Ruby Saloon, £275.
WANTED: Robert Graves' "The Golden Fleece"; Quine: Mathematical Logic; "Political Quarterly," October, 1944.

*Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and detail (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 1s. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.*

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